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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1926.

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MOVED TO WRATH BY THE BAVARIAN PREMIER'S SPEECH: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

Signor Mussolini made a strong speech in the Italian Chamber, a few days ago, in reply to an anti-Italian statement by the Bavarian Premier, Herr Held, regarding Southern Tirol—a district that has for some time been a subject of newspaper controversy. Signor Mussolini declared that the territory was Italian, and that Italian policy in the Upper Adige would not be modified in any detail. "Fascist Italy," he concluded, "can, if

necessary, carry the Tricolour across the Brenner. She can never lower it." It may be recalled that last month Signor Mussolini changed his official style from "President of the Council of Ministers" to "Prime Minister," and was definitely appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs, War, the Navy, and the Air—offices which he had previously held *ad interim*. Early in March he intends to pay an official visit to Tripoli.

FROM THE PASTEL BY ALBERT CAFFASSI IN THE POSSESSION OF CHEVALIER GUIDO TORRE, O.C.I. BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER.

THE THISTLE VANQUISHES THE LEEK AT "RUGGER": SCOTLAND v. WALES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS AND C.N.



A HALF-TIME INTERLUDE DURING THE INTERNATIONAL "RUGGER" MATCH BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND WALES AT EDINBURGH, BEFORE 50,000 SPECTATORS: BOY PIPERS OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL, DUMBLANE, ENTERTAINING THE WELSH TEAM.



A WELSHMAN GETS THE BALL FROM A LINE-OUT: AN INCIDENT OF THE GAME—THE SCOTTISH PLAYERS DISTINGUISHED BY WHITE SHORTS.



WITH THE WELSHMAN WHO TACKLED HIM ON TOP: A SCOTTISH PLAYER BROUGHT DOWN ON THE RUN.



A MOMENTARY ASPECT OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL IN A GREAT "RUGGER" MATCH: A RACE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE BALL (HERE LOOKING ALMOST ROUND, AS IN "SOCCER"), AFTER A PASS BY ONE OF THE WELSH PLAYERS.



SHOWING THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF THE RUGBY GAME—PICKING-UP, TACKLING, AND PASSING BY HAND: AN EXCITING MOMENT—R. A. CORNISH, A WELSH THREE-QUARTER, BROUGHT DOWN BY A SCOT, MAKES A CLEVER PASS TO R. JONES, A WELSH HALF-BACK.

Scotland beat Wales in the international Rugby football match, played on the Murrayfield ground at Edinburgh on February 6, by one goal and one penalty goal (8 points) to one goal (5 points). As against England at Cardiff, where the match ended in a draw—one try (3 points) all—the Welsh forwards played with great vigour and combination, and at half-time Wales were five points ahead.

During the interval there was a picturesque display by boy pipers, who marched about the field. The match was the thirty-seventh played between Scotland and Wales, and was watched by 50,000 spectators. In the photographs the Scottish players can be distinguished by their white knickers and thistle badges. The Welshmen wore dark knickers, and a badge of the Prince of Wales's feathers.

WONDERFUL PRICES FOR A LIVING ETCHER'S WORK:

FINE EXAMPLES OF THE ART OF JAMES MCBEY.

BY PERMISSION OF THE VARIOUS OWNERS NAMED BELOW.



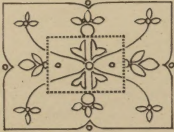
AN ETCHING THAT FETCHED 1325 DOLLARS AT THE NEW YORK SALE: "THE DESERT OF SINAI" (NO. 2).
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of Francis Berry, Esq.)



SOLD FOR 1000 DOLLARS AT THE SALE IN NEW YORK: "THE LION BREWERY."
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of A. S. Watt, Esq., C.B.E.)



AN ETCHING THAT BROUGHT 1000 DOLLARS IN THE NEW YORK SALE: "GALL AT PORT ERROLL."
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of Martin Hardie, Esq., R.E.)



AN ETCHING THAT FETCHED 1350 DOLLARS AT THE SALE IN NEW YORK: "THE EBB TIDE."
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of D. M. Macdonald, Esq.)

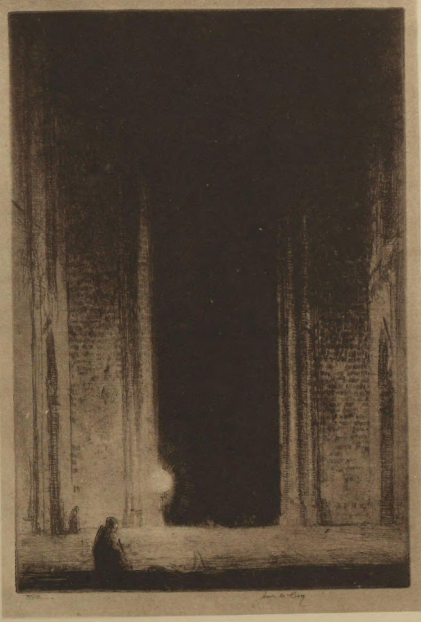
At a recent sale at the American galleries in New York, thirty-five etchings by James McBeay, the well-known Scottish artist, realised a total of 23,190 dollars. In a report of the sale published by the "Morning Post," it was stated that record prices were obtained (among others) for the above seven etchings, which we are enabled to reproduce here from original etchings in various collections, by courtesy of the owners. In addition to his fame as an etcher, it may be recalled that Mr. McBeay has a wide reputation as a portrait-painter. He was born at Newburgh, a little fishing village in Aberdeenshire, in 1883, and, after being educated at the village school, was for fourteen years a bank clerk in Aberdeen and Edinburgh. All his spare time was given to art, and he was practically self-trained, some of his earliest efforts in etching being produced on a domestic mangle, and a printing press with steel rollers which he built himself from the propeller-shaft of a small derelict trawler. During the war he served, in 1916, as an officer in France, and in the following year was appointed Official Artist in Egypt. This resulted in the "First Palestine Set" of seven plates, including "Dawn" and "The Desert of Sinai," afterwards published in 1919. A very interesting account of his life, with a fine critical appreciation of his work, is given in the introduction, by Martin Hardie, to "Etchings and Dry Points, from 1902 to 1924, by James McBeay," published by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi.



AN ETCHING THAT REALISED THE RECORD PRICE OF 2200 DOLLARS AT A RECENT SALE IN NEW YORK: "DAWN. THE CAMEL PATROL SETTING OUT."
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of Martin Hardie, Esq., R.E.)



SOLD FOR 1800 DOLLARS IN NEW YORK: "GAMRIE."
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of A. S. Watt, Esq., C.B.E.)



SOLD FOR 1100 DOLLARS IN NEW YORK: "NIGHT IN ELY CATHEDRAL."
(From the Original Etching in the Collection of A. S. Watt, Esq., C.B.E.)

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

NORMAN McKINNEL, PLAYWRIGHT.—HAIDEE WRIGHT.—FRENCH PLAYERS.

SOMEBODY sent me a little leaflet headed: "St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden: Drama Service," convening me to the performance of "The Bishop's Candlesticks," by Norman McKinnel. Here was a surprise. We all know "Mac" as a leading actor, as a prince of good fellows, but whoever guessed that he had "committed" a play, and one, too, fit to be played in a church? Yet here it was, and with great curiosity I went to the austere church at Covent Garden. On the altar steps the stage was improvised by curtains; a short service was held by the Rector, Mr. R. Hart-Davies, who in a brief and moving sermon said that the little play by the renowned actor had a meaning of its own: "The soul is the Temple of the Living God." His words were appealing in their simplicity and directness, and at his sign the curtain parted and the play began.

It was a morality in modern guise. Somewhere in France there lived a Roman Catholic Bishop who devoted all his worldly goods to the poor, despite the chidings of his parsimonious sisters. All he had left was a pair of silver candlesticks of great value. He gave shelter to an old ticket-of-leave man, who, in requital of his hospitality, made off with the candlesticks. When the gendarme brought him back with his spoil, the Bishop said: "They are his candlesticks—let him go!" He went, yet his conscience bade him return, hand back the candlesticks, and beg for the Bishop's blessing. It was then that the good prelate, while laying salving hands on him, said: "The soul is the Temple of the Living God," and showed him a safe path through the wood to reach Paris, where he could begin life anew. It was played with earnestness and zeal by unnamed amateurs, yet, imperfect as the interpretation was, the little play moved the congregation. It made us feel that Mr. McKinnel has the creative gift as well as the re-creative one of the actor. The Drama has thus found another way to fraternise with the Church, and such an alliance can only be beneficial to art as well as to religion. It may stimulate the cultivation of the morality play, and thereby foster an interest in the drama in general among a public aloof from the theatres.

But here I would give a hint to the authorities of St. Paul's Church. It would be a happy thought to widen the scope and make for perfection. I feel sure that, if the Rector were to launch an appeal in a leading paper for professional assistance, the response would be gratifying. What is wanted is a producer and experienced actors to give their services. There are plenty only too willing to devote their time and their talent to so good a cause. It is worth trying for the sake of the World of the Theatre as well as the Church.

All last week there were record audiences at the little theatre at "Q," which is now the baptismal font of new plays. The occasion was the début of

Mr. Aubrey C. Ensor as a dramatist. His play, "The Long Lane," presents a very interesting case of amnesia, the result of shell-shock in the war, and, consequently, a rare matrimonial problem. For some time the loss of memory had been latent, but it manifested itself vehemently when, in a loveless marriage, the wife ran away with the husband's best friend and the husband suddenly forgot all about her and imagined that he had never been married at all. Mr. Ensor up to a certain point handles this theme very deftly, and until the third act the action progresses steadily and plausibly. The solution, however, is arrived at in a manner which may be possible, but hardly seems probable from the layman's point of view. With drastic alteration the play should have a fair chance. As it stands, it stamps the author as imaginative and promising.

Now in this play there was a little mother: one of those dear old ladies whom *Punch* cherishes in jest.

artists who can only give themselves when they feel. And now behold her in "The Long Lane" as lively as a cricket, summing up people and situations in trenchant sentences; and then, when she sees her boy in doubt, in despair, in the vacuity of temporary benightedness, watch her! Her tone mellows; how she pours out all the tenderness overflowing from her heart; how she clasps him to her bosom—he so big and she so tiny—and overwhelms him with that unspeakable power which I would call motherliness! And in all this outpour there is not a breath of acting, nor a trace of effort. She lives in the part.

Here was such acting that it belied the very word. For acting implies simulation of a kind, and in that little mother of Miss Haidee Wright there was nothing that was not real, nothing that sounded untrue. Nor was the audience, many actors and actresses of repute among them, slow in relishing this consummate art.

They literally hung on her lips. For here is a rare and exquisite exponent of histrionic art. One would have to go back to Diderot's "Art du Comédien" to appreciate its real significance—to appreciate why Miss Haidee Wright possesses a gift that even her brothers and sisters in art consider of pre-eminence.

Since my last article in this page on the subject of the French Theatre for London, the matter has been definitely settled. Mr. Robert Courtneidge has decided to begin the campaign forthwith, and has entrusted the stage-direction to Mr. George de Warfaz, and the performances will start under the flag of the French Players. During February, some matinées of a French version of "The Unfair Sex," rechristened "Le Sexe Fort," will be given by way of overture with a fine cast already mentioned. After that the repertory will be made up entirely of original French plays, most of them new to London, although, for the benefit of schools and scholars, every modern play will be followed by a classic. Mr. Court-

neidge intends to give two matinées during two consecutive weeks of each play, and, as the season is to run till well into the summer—if the response is sufficient, *bien entendu*—London will have an opportunity to enjoy a repertory of eight or ten plays. Of course, if the success is commensurate with the effort, the campaign will be resumed in the winter, and it is hoped to consolidate the French Players as a permanency. As indicated in my preliminary article, all the artists will be recruited in London, and preference will be given to English actors, provided that their accent is as perfect as a foreign tongue can reach it in French. The enterprise already commands much interest in the French colony, and all the French libraries will be requested to stock leaflets and sell tickets, so that the reading world at large may be reached and a wide publicity attained on the snowball principle.



"SCOTCH MIST," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S: (L. TO R.) SIR LAWSON DENVERS (MR. ROBERT HORTON), LADY DENVERS (MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD), DAVID CAMPBELL (MR. GODFREY TEARLE), AND ELIZABETH (MISS FRANCES ROSS-CAMPBELL) SAYING: "IT'S NO GOOD YOUR EYES GETTING BLACK AT ME: I'M NO WOMAN OF YOURS."

"Scotch Mist," the new play by Sir Patrick Hastings, at the St. Martin's Theatre, is of the "triangle" kind, in which the young wife of an imperturbable and somewhat acquiescent politician captivates a man of the "strong silent" type, and, when asked by her husband to choose between them, chooses the lover.—[Photograph by Lenarc.]

She was apparently rather linnet-headed, forgetful of the small things of life. Apart from this, she was an ideal mother, foolishly fond of her boy, yet wise in her guidance, and knowing his heart and his character so well that she saw how wrongly he was matched, that he had married for beauty whilst the right girl was close at hand. That little mother was Miss Haidee Wright, and to describe her I can only say that she looked like those old dears that Rembrandt has immortalised. She might have stepped from a frame at the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam. But that was merely the aspect; even greater was the inwardness and the comprehending of the well-drawn character. Some critics have latterly said of Miss Haidee Wright that she is apt to be monochorded—that she dwells on certain notes, that she indulges in peculiarities of enunciation. To me, who have seen Miss Wright in her every part, it seemed that it was not she but her rôle which was at fault. She is one of those true

A PLAY ABOUT BENVENUTO CELLINI: "THE FIREBRAND," AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LENARE.



AS BENVENUTO CELLINI, THE TRUCULENT SCULPTOR,
AND BEATRICE, MOTHER OF HIS MODEL: MR. IVOR
NOVELLO AND MISS ELSIE FRENCH.



DUKE ALESSANDRO
KISSES ANGELA,
THE SCULPTOR'S
BEAUTIFUL MODEL:
MR. HUGH
WAKEFIELD
AND MISS URSULA
JEANS.



AT DAGGERS DRAWN: (L. TO R.) THE DUKE (MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD),
POLVERINO (MR. GEORGE HOWE), AND BENVENUTO CELLINI (MR. IVOR
NOVELLO).



IN A REMARKABLE MAKE-UP: MISS
ELSIE FRENCH AS BEATRICE, THE
MOTHER OF ANGELA.



AS ALESSANDRO DE MEDICI, DUKE OF
FLORENCE: MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD
APPEARS IN A "COSTUME" PART.



THE DUKE AND THE SCULPTOR: MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD
AS ALESSANDRO DE MEDICI, AND MR. IVOR NOVELLO
AS BENVENUTO CELLINI.

Mr. Edwin Justus Mayer's play, "The Firebrand," described as "a comedy in the romantic spirit," was produced at Wyndham's Theatre on February 8, after having been postponed for a few days through an accident to Mr. Ivor Novello, who during rehearsal threw down a dagger on to his foot. He plays the leading male rôle, as the truculent Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated sculptor and goldsmith whose memoirs suggested the plot. The scene is laid at Florence in 1535, in the days of Duke Alessandro de Medici. The part of the Duke is taken by Mr. Hugh Wakefield, who will be remembered for his success in a very different character—that of the bibulous young man in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," and it is an interesting change to see him in a costume part in romantic drama. Another important member of the cast is Miss Constance Collier, who appears as the Duchess of Florence. "The Firebrand" was produced in New York in the autumn of 1924.

LONDINIUM, OF THE ISLAND PROVINCE: ITS MODERNITY.

"ROMAN LONDON." By GORDON HOME.*

THE recently heralded discovery, at the north-west corner of Lombard Street and Gracechurch Street, of remains which may adjoin the great Forum of Roman London, has revived the dying embers of interest in Londinium, of the Island Province; and Major Gordon Home, directing Archaeology, "the elusive handmaid of History," fans the spark into a flame which should not be allowed to flicker, fade and fail.

For the city that was Augusta has been from its beginnings as fascinating as it is famed. "Every age is essentially modern," writes our author, and his assertion is easy of proof. "Conditions of life to-day are in their essentials as they were between the first and the fifth centuries of this era. . . . Alter the architecture to the Roman style, change the costume as it varied throughout those centuries, replace modern political affairs with those of the great Empire, modify the menus of the dining-table, above all eliminate the mechanical contrivances of recent years, and imagine the result upon people who are to some extent of the same stock as modern Londoners. Then the filling in of the picture becomes a task of the greatest simplicity, for one has only to imagine the daily affairs of domestic, business, and public life, as experienced to-day, with such modifications as a certain callousness in regard to human life and a somewhat different standard of general morality."

"Modernity": that is, indeed, the note; and it echoes through the streets of the ancient city—the Celtic-named capital of Britannia, a port of consequence long before the Claudian conquest in the year 43; one of the places "so favoured by position and circumstances that so long as commerce and industry endure they must combine to be great centres of activity and trade."

Modernity. "Writing materials are more abundant in Roman London than in any other site in Britain. Inkpots of bronze and earthenware (including Samian) are comparatively numerous, and one at least seems to have been made for carrying on the person. A few pens have been found, and *styli* for writing on wax-tablets are exceptionally numerous. The wooden tablets for use with the *stylus* have also come to light, and the impression which one gains from the quantities of these objects is that Londinium contained a great number of offices with their clerical staffs."

That desirable land was at a premium is certain. "The angles at which houses were constructed in relation to those adjoining, so far as records of foundations exposed have been kept, show an amazing indifference to one another, and the only inference which can be made is that space was very precious. . . . and where it was desired to make the most of a site individuality reigned supreme." How like these days of huge rents based upon so much the square foot! Little to be wondered at, this, when it is recalled that the 350 acres of London, although the population was only somewhere about 50,000 between the years 60 and 286, and about 100,000 in 350, were of well-nigh incalculable importance when compared with those of other cities of Britain. In the early period

of reconstruction and expansion, from 60 until about 125, the Forum was not only the centre of commerce, but that of "news as to successes, checks, or reverses experienced in the North and West. It is easy to imagine the excitement, and what would be called to-day the 'jingo' talk among the crowd of traders, brokers, and loungers, when one of Agricola's couriers brought the news of another 'brilliant' victory over the elusive Caledonians; or, conversely, there must have been 'black days' of defeatism, followed by calculations of bad debts, when the evil tidings filtered through that Legio IX. had been annihilated in that still mysterious disaster in the north. Optimism and anticipation of an influx of profitable customers for a large variety of needs would have become widespread when it was announced that the Emperor Hadrian was on his way to Britain with reinforcements." And so it remained. Frequent must have been the golden chance for the profiteer: wit-

clues as to which quarter of the city may have possessed any such feature. There is, however, one suggestion which may be a sound one. Londinium, in its process of expansion, must have found its internal spaces of the utmost importance. To abandon any large area for the purposes of amusement where offices, warehouses, private residences, and shops required all the available space would have been anathema to the commercial mind which was, and always has been, paramount in London. Therefore, it may be that there was then, as now, a tendency to relegate places of amusement to the outskirts of the city. . . . Some archaeological evidence in support of this theory is found in the discovery made in Southwark of a gladiator's trident and dagger."

Equally curious is the fact that digging has revealed only the slightest signs of Christian worship in Roman London, although it is known that there was a Christian community in Londinium, and that it was

ruled by a Bishop as early as the third century. The chief "clue" is at St. Etheldreda's Church, Ely Place. "It is a curiously archaic bowl-shaped font of limestone of similar form to the two which are preserved at Brecon Cathedral. It was found buried in the centre of the undercroft, and in that respect affords a parallel with those at Brecon, which were unearthed in the cloister. Of the St. Etheldreda's font Sir Gilbert Scott said, 'You may call the bowl British or Roman, for it is older than the Saxon period'; and some support to this statement is provided by the fact that Roman bricks have been found on the site. The position is . . . well outside the walled area of the city—in other words, just where one would expect to find an early Christian church before, or even after, the new faith had been officially recognised."

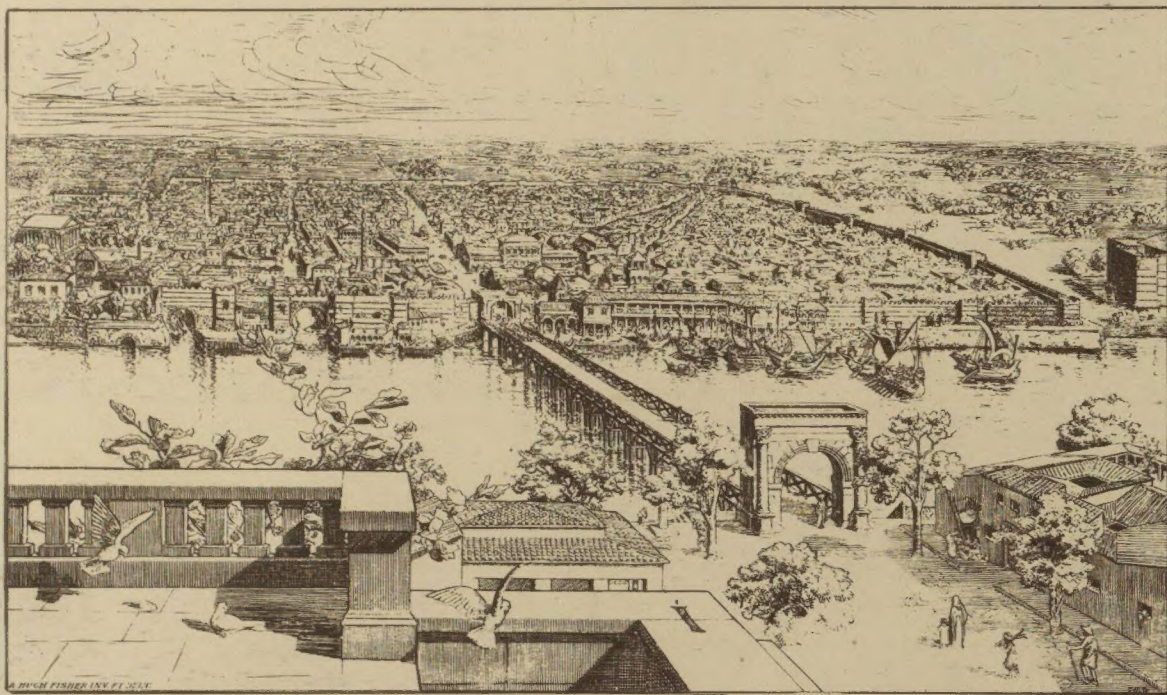
As to other beliefs, there are epigraphic signs of "a temple to the Mother Goddesses; another to the glory of an Emperor or

Emperors; and a third, perhaps in Southwark, to Isis. Sculptured fragments add to these three evidence for there having been temples to Diana, the Mother Goddesses, Jupiter and Juno, a river god, Bona Fortuna, and Mithras. In addition, a number of bronze statuettes have been found representing several members of the Romano-Hellenic pantheon, or the worship of virtues, which was a notable and inspiring feature of the Roman State religion at its best. Besides these, there are the usual types of figurines representing the *lares* and *penates* of the household, and, finally, there are portable altars."

Modernity even in many sects!

But one could quote indefinitely and never reproduce a ponderous paragraph. Let it be sufficient to add that Major Home is at his best in "the first attempt to give a full and connected history of London during the period when Britain formed a part of the Roman Empire." He is always thorough and cautious; he "documents" well, whether he be dealing with civil or military life, with the business house or the home, with war, or raid, or peace; and, above all, he is never prosy. Further, he appends to his pages an excellent chronology of Britain and of Londinium from before the Roman Conquest (c. 700 B.C.—A.D. 43) to the last definite mention of Londinium as a Roman city (A.D. 43—457); and a list of Greek and Roman inscriptions found in London.

E. H. G.



LONDON WHEN BRITAIN WAS A ROMAN PROVINCE: A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING SUGGESTING THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE CITY IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

This reconstruction of London in the fourth century shows the City seen from the south side of the river. In the left foreground are roofs of houses of the settlement on the southern side, the only suburb. The bridge is part of the main north-to-south road, leading across Kent to the port of Richborough. The first water-gate on the left of the bridge is Dowgate, giving way to the Walbrook. Immediately on the right of the bridge is Billingsgate. On the extreme right, outside the walls, is part of a fortress, praetorium, or barracks. In the distant wall on the left (a space to the right of the columned building) is Alder's Gate. Next comes Cripplegate. The gate on the main north-to-south road on the northern side is Bishop's Gate. To the right of this is a cemetery. A good deal further to the right are Aldgate and another cemetery. The columned building on the extreme left is a temple on the site of St. Paul's. The column rising to the left of the bridge marks the position of London Stone. Behind this is the Forum. To the north of the Forum is a temple on the site of St. Peter's, Cornhill. In the main road, just south of this, is the Carfax of the city, the meeting-place of the roads. At this period salmon could be caught in the Thames, and beaver haunted its banks. The remains recently discovered at the corner of Gracechurch Street and Lombard Street may—or may not—prove to be part of the Great Forum.

From the Drawing by A. Hugh Fisher (Published in "The Illustrated London News").

ness the Great War and its extravagances; and remember the Diocletian taxation and the fourth-century Edict of Prices, when bad harvests and perennial warfare had sent the cost of living up 800 per cent.!

Recall, also, in the light of the present agitation for a betting tax, that "indications of the games played in Roman London afforded by archaeological finds point mainly towards gambling and games of chance. There are numerous dice; *astragali* or knuckle-bones, and a number of circular discs generally regarded as counters or pieces in games, some of them, perhaps for the famous amusement called the Twelve Lines."

And is there not a relic of Roman London which "stands out in bringing before the eyes in concrete form the permanence of certain qualities in human nature? This is a sentence, scribbled on a roofing tile before it was baked, in which a workman grumbled at the slackness of a fellow-labourer—'Austalis,' he complains, 'goes off on his own every day for (?) a week.'" (AVSTALIS DIBVS VIII VAGATVR SIBI COTIDIM.)

And, dealing with the lighter side of things, it is interesting to note that "so far the spade of the house-building excavator has provided within the walls no hint as to the whereabouts of theatre, amphitheatre, or circus. It is impossible even to find any

* "Roman London." By Gordon Home. With a Chronology compiled by Edward Foord. Fully Illustrated. (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; 25s. net.)

ITALY AS SEEN BY A SCOTTISH ARTIST OF EUROPEAN REPUTE.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF RECENT WATER-COLOURS BY J. KERR-LAWSON.
BY COURTESY OF THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.



"RIMINI": A CHARMING WATER-COLOUR, BY J. KERR-LAWSON, OF THE CITY ASSOCIATED WITH THE TALE OF PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.



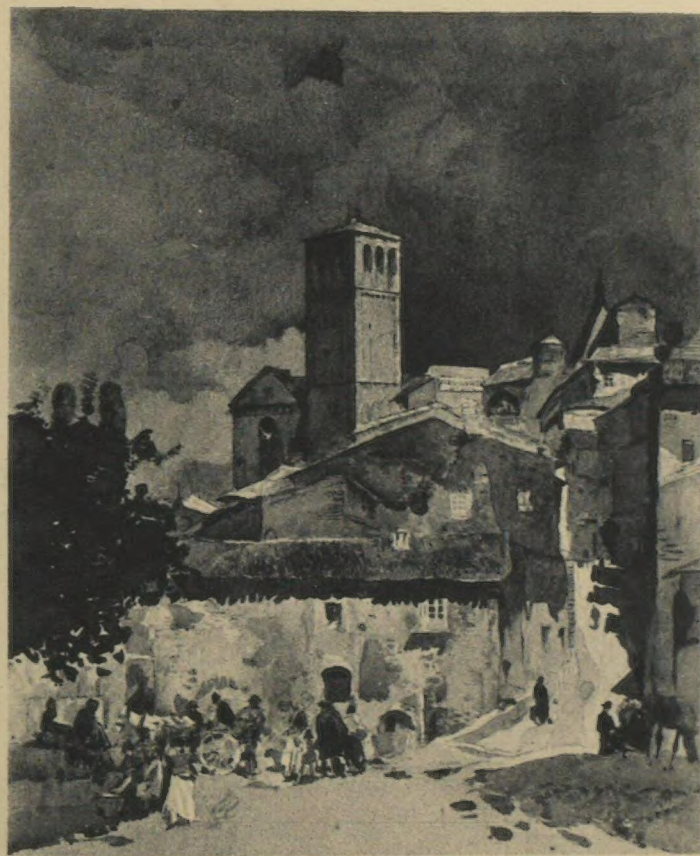
"SNOW ON MONTE MORELLO, FLORENCE": A BEAUTIFUL WATER-COLOUR STUDY IN DECORATIVE LANDSCAPE.



"TAORMINA": A PEACEFUL STREET SCENE IN A SICILIAN TOWN. FAMOUS FOR ITS PICTURESQUE BEAUTY.



"A PINE TREE NEAR POMPEII": AN OIL-PAINTING INCLUDED AMONG THE KERR-LAWSON WATER-COLOURS.



"ASSISI": THE CITY OF ST. FRANCIS—A DELIGHTFUL EXAMPLE OF MR. J. KERR-LAWSON'S DELICATE ART.

The decorative landscapes of Italy by James Kerr-Lawson, who is just now having his first one-man show at the Beaux Arts Gallery, bespeak an interesting but serene personality, and reveal among the artists of to-day one whose quiet charm and sensitive mind have expressed themselves in delicate visions of peaceful beauty unrivalled for their decorative qualities. Mr. Kerr-Lawson has spent half of his life in Italy, and the pictures of his beloved Florence and Assisi, which we reproduce show how closely an Englishman, or, to be more precise, a Scotsman, may become identified with a country of quite different character. He is well known among artists in London, and much admired by them, but has never quite received

the public recognition that such outstanding work as he now exhibits should have commanded for him in his native land; indeed, he is one of the few British artists who are as well known abroad as at home. It should be mentioned that Mr. Kerr-Lawson is one of the greatest present-day lithographers, and that it was in his studio that the Senefelder Club originated. These water-colours have very distinct individuality, which stamps them as the product of an original mind, but they bear no trace of the anxious experiments and risky adventures that have revolutionised the art of to-day. The exhibition remains open until the 16th of this month in Bruton Place, and it is worth making a special effort to see it.

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF ASSAM.

AN ETHNOLOGICAL WONDERLAND ON THE ASSAM-BURMA FRONTIER.

By J. P. MILLS, I.C.S., Author of "The Lhota Nagas," and "The Ao Nagas."

THE Nagas, as the savage tribes inhabiting the mountain ranges which form the boundary between Assam and Burma are termed, have been rather to the fore of late. During the last few years, Dr. J. H. Hutton, Deputy Commissioner of the Naga Hills, and Honorary Director of Ethnography in Assam, as well as Colonel Shakespear, Colonel Hodson, and Dr. W. S. Smith, have contributed important

the favourite Naga method of attack. Then there is the language, for many dialects are spoken, and one village is often unable to understand the next; while, not least, there is the difficulty of obtaining carriers. It was because of the head-hunting propensities of these people that the Indian Government took over the administration of the Naga Hills to protect the workers in the plains from raids. East

the Deputy Commissioner or Sub-Divisional Officer has to tour across the frontier. On these tours we proceed cautiously, gaining the confidence of the people as we go, and avoiding collisions. The golden rule is to go slow and never to "rattle" or startle a savage with whom one wishes to establish friendly relations. Sometimes, of course, villages have to be punished for raiding, and so on; but even then our policy is invariably to demand a fine before resorting to force; and, save on such occasions as these, no column with which I have been has had to fire a shot, even when approaching some village to which no white man had even been before.

All told, there must be fully a score of different tribes among these mountains if we include those inhabiting the Native State of Manipur. There are the Kacha Nagas, Angamis, Lhotas, Semas, Sangtams, Changs, Konyaks, Rengmas, Tangkhus, Kalyo-Kengyu, and many others. To the ethnologist they present an interesting study. They are mainly of Mongolian stock, with varying customs and beliefs. Their languages are of the Tibeto-Burman group, and differ entirely from any of those of India proper. In the south we have the Kacha Nagas. Although they have long been administered and at peace, they still hold to their ancient method of fortifying their villages. This consists of a thick, impenetrable wall of living cane, with terrible reversed thorns, which entirely surrounds the village. The fence, in turn, is often further strengthened by a ditch. The approach to the village is by means of a tunnel under the cane, the latter being held up by stakes. In the old days the stakes would have been removed on the approach of an enemy, and the cane allowed to fall and block the tunnel. Did an invader win through this, he would find himself confronted by a ditch from which the plank had been removed, and bristling with "panjis"—sharp-pointed bamboo spikes which will go clean through a man's foot.

Beyond the Angamis are the Semas, a warlike race, half of whose territory lies in the administered area and the other half in independent country. The Sema has been described as the Irishman of the hills. He is generous and cheerful, and makes an excellent companion on the march. A warrior's dancing dress, which resembles that of the Lhotas and Aos, is magnificent. On his head is a chaplet of black hair from the neck and shoulders of the Himalayan black bear, bound into a cane base in which are stuck the black-barred tail feathers of the great Indian hornbill. His ears are decorated with large pads of white cotton-wool, and across his shoulders are



FORMERLY BEATEN WHEN HEADS WERE TAKEN, AND NOW USED ON FESTIVE OCCASIONS OR TO SOUND A FIRE OR OTHER ALARM: A GIGANTIC AO DRUM—A HOLLOWED LOG SOME 40 FT. LONG, WITH CARVED HEAD—INSIDE ITS SHED.

ethnological works on certain of the tribes to the series of monographs issued by the Government of Assam.

The country where these tribes dwell is one of the most curious frontiers in the world. It consists of great mountain ranges running up to over 12,000 ft. in height, and stretching from north-east to south-west for a distance of some 500 miles. On the west lies the valley of Assam and Bengal, and on the east the valleys of the Chidwin and Irrawaddy. Though these mountains lie between two fertile provinces with their railways, roads, and steamer services, they are as yet largely unexplored, and here dwell some of the most primitive tribes to be found anywhere on the globe. It is only during the last few years that any serious attempt has been made to record anything of their history, customs, and ways of life, and, in recent tours in the northern and least-known portions of this little-visited region, Dr. Hutton and I have been successful in penetrating into the hills and in reaching villages where a white man had never been seen before.

One reason why so little is known about these strange races is the difficulty of penetrating their country. Indeed, in the northern portion of this mountainous barrier, that lying to the north of Kohima, there is a large area through which no white man has ever been. The country, though very beautiful, is wild, and the climate trying. To cross the mountains means climbing and descending range after range by steep tracks, so narrow that a party can only proceed in single file. Swiftly-flowing rivers have to be negotiated, while insects are a veritable pest. Leeches, sand-flies, and mosquitoes abound, not to speak of ants, hornets, and stinging flies.

Although the tribes vary considerably in physique and temperament and in manner and customs, all agree in being very warlike, and, in unadministered territory, war between neighbouring villages is the rule and peace the exception. Their villages are invariably built on the very summit of the spurs and ranges, and ingeniously guarded against any surprise or attack. Across the frontier they still indulge in head-hunting, and for an ordinary traveller to venture into these mountains would be impossible. Even with an escort, one can only proceed with extreme slowness and caution. On the narrow paths one's view is often bounded by an impenetrable wall of jungle on either side, and a long, winding column of carriers is always exposed to the risk of an ambush,

of the administrated area, and between that and Burma, lies a block of country which has not yet been taken over.

While it would be possible with a suitable force to bring all the tribes under subjugation, the aim of the Government has rather been peacefully and gradually to extend the area of influence, and thereby gain the confidence of the tribes. No attempt is made to interfere with their tribal customs, save when they are repugnant to British ideas of justice or



ACCUMULATED DURING YEARS OF HEAD-HUNTING: A COLLECTION OF SKULLS IN A KONYAK CHIEF'S HOUSE, AND (UNDER MATTING BELOW) SKULLS OF ELEPHANTS TRAPPED IN PITFALLS.

Photographs by J. P. Mills, I.C.S.

humanity. The district is administered by a Deputy Commissioner stationed at Kohima, in Angami territory, and a Sub-Divisional Officer at Mokokchung, some 86 miles away, among the Aos. At Kohima there is a battalion of Assam Rifles, a Gurkha force, to protect the district and to furnish escorts when

one, or sometimes two, embroidered baldrics with a deep fringe of scarlet goat's hair, the high sheen of which gives a wonderful effect as it waves to and fro in the breeze. Their baldrics support a tail of human and scarlet goat's hair, perhaps the most striking of all Naga ornaments. He wears a large apron of black

[Continued on page 284.]

FASHIONS OF NAGA HEAD-HUNTERS:

WAR PAINT; COIFFURE; WIDOWHOOD.



WITH COWRIE SHELL APRON, DOG'S HAIR BALDRIC, AND BEAR-FUR CAP PLUMED: AN AO WARRIOR.



WITH SHELL EAR-RINGS AND BOAR-TUSK NECKLACE, INDICATING THAT HE HAS TAKEN HEADS: A CHANG CHIEF SIPPING RICE-BEER.



WEARING A TAIL OF HUMAN HAIR, AND ARMED WITH A DAO (AXE) AND SPEAR: AN AO WARRIOR.



WITH HEAVY NECKLACES OF CORNELIAN BEADS AND EAR-RINGS OF ROCK CRYSTAL: A YOUNG AO WOMAN.



WITH BRASS HEAD-RINGS AND ELABORATE NECKLACES OF CORNELIAN BEADS: AN AO GIRL.



WITH FINE BOAR-TUSKS AND LONG CONCH-SHELL BEADS—PRIVILEGE OF SUPERIOR CLANS: AN AO MAN.



WITH AN EAR-RING OF BRIGHT RED CHILIES, HEAD-RINGS, AND HAIR TIED IN A "BUN": A YOUNG AO GIRL.



WITH A MAN'S HELMET AND SPEAR: A KONYAK WIDOW EQUIPPED TO WELCOME AVENGERS OF HER HUSBAND'S DEATH.



WITH COWRIE-SHELL BELT, APRON, NECKLACES AND GAUNTLETS, AND ARMLET OF IVORY: SAKHALU, A FAMOUS SEMA CHIEF.



WITH HEAD CLOSE-CROPPED LEST HAIRS SHOULD DROP INTO HER MASTER'S FOOD WHILE SHE IS COOKING: A KONYAK WOMAN OF A SERVILE CLAN.

The highly picturesque and elaborate costumes worn by many of the Naga head-hunters, in remote regions of Assam, are described by Mr. J. P. Mills, in his article on page 262. On the first and third photographs (top left and right) given above, of an Ao warrior in full war paint, he supplies the following note: "On his head is a chaplet of cane covered with bear fur from which project the tail feathers of the Indian hornbill. The shafts of the feathers are so adjusted that their edges turn readily in the wind. Over his ears are large pads of cotton wool, and round his neck are boar-tusks. Across his chest is a baldric, a kind

of sash embroidered with dog's hair and goat's hair, supporting the tail of human hair behind. His apron is completely covered with cowrie shells, and on his wrists are gauntlets of these shells fringed with red hair. In his left hand is the *dao*, a chopper-shaped axe, and in the other hand a six-foot spear." A note on the Konyak widow (lower left photograph) says: "She is welcoming warriors who have avenged the death of her husband at the hands of a hostile party. She is wearing a man's helmet, and carries a headless spear, reserved in order to indicate that women dressed as men would be able to defeat the despised foe."

HEAD-HUNTING TROPHIES, DEFENCES, AND CARVINGS OF THE NAGAS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. P. MILLS, I.C.S.



TAKEN PARTLY "TO OBTAIN THE SOUL OF AN ENEMY" AND STRENGTHEN THE SOUL-FORCE OF THE COMMUNITY: HEADS SET UP ON POLES IN A SOUTHERN SANGTAM VILLAGE.



ROOFED WITH THORNY CANE ARRANGED TO FALL AND BLOCK THE PASSAGE ON THE APPROACH OF AN ENEMY: THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE TO A KACHA NAGA VILLAGE.



RECORDING "FEASTS OF MERIT" GIVEN BY THE HOUSEHOLDER: CARVED POSTS SET UP BY AN AO VILLAGER—THE TOPS REPRESENTING THE TAILS OF HORNBILLS.



WITH A "CAP" TO PROTECT THE HINGE-POST FROM RAIN: AN ARTISTICALLY CARVED DOOR OF A KACHA VILLAGE, APPARENTLY DATED "20-1-1915" (ABOVE THE FIGURE'S PLUMED HEAD-DESS).

"All Nagas," writes Mr. J. P. Mills in his article on page 262, "are by nature head-hunters, and there is still a certain amount of 'head-hunting' across the frontier. The heads taken by Southern Sangtams are exposed on the top of poles. A man takes heads for two reasons. He wishes both to bring home tangible proof that he has killed his foe, and also to obtain the soul of his enemy, so that the soul-force of his village may be reinforced thereby and its prosperity and fertility increased." Of the Kacha Nagas he says: "They still hold to their

ancient method of fortifying their villages. This consists of a thick, impenetrable wall of living cane with terrible reversed thorns, which entirely surrounds the village. The fence is often further strengthened by a ditch. The approach to the village is by means of a tunnel under the cane, the latter being held up by stakes. In old days the stakes would have been removed on the approach of an enemy and the cane allowed to fall and block the tunnel." Further obstacles (described in the article) awaited any invader who penetrated the cane.

WHERE JUNIORS "FAG" FOR "BLOODS": NAGA BACHELOR HOUSES—TABOO TO WOMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. P. MILLS, I.C.S.



A DORMITORY FOR THE BOYS AND A CLUB FOR THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE: A KONYAK MORUNG, OR BACHELORS' HOUSE—A CROWD ON ITS FRONT PLATFORM.



WITH ELABORATELY CARVED POLE AND GABLE BEAMS: A MORUNG IN THE COUNTRY OF THE NAKED RENGMAS, WHERE THE MEN WEAR NO CLOTHES.



WITH CARVINGS OF TIGERS ON THE MAIN PILLAR AND A PYTHON ON THE SMALLER ONE IN FRONT: A MORUNG (BACHELORS' HOUSE) IN THE AO COUNTRY.



WITH ITS CENTRE POST CARVED WITH HEADS, BREASTS (SYMBOLISING FERTILITY) AND HORNS (PROBABLY MITHAN): THE MORUNG OF A SEMA VILLAGE (AMONG THAT TRIBE USUALLY THE CHIEF'S HOUSE).

Describing the Naga head-hunters of Assam, Mr. J. P. Mills writes (on page 262): "In most tribes every village contains its *morung*, or bachelors' house, in which the boys and unmarried men sleep and which the men use as their club-house. A boy for the first three years of his time in the *morung* acts as a 'fag' for the older boys, himself becoming a 'blood' when at the end of three years a new age-group of boys enters the *morung*. On no account are women admitted. . . .

On the death of a chief all the heads collected throughout his reign are taken from his house and placed for final keeping in the *morung*. . . . In most of the Sema villages the chief's house takes the place of the *morung*. . . . Adjoining the territory of the Sangtams is the land of the Naked Rengmas, so called from the lack of costume of the men." The picturesque costumes and customs of the Nagas are illustrated on two other pages in this number.

The Story of Jewels in Europe: The Oldest Art.

By JOAN EVANS.

(See Illustrations, numbered according to references, on pages 267 and 268.)

JEWELS are older than houses, older than pottery, older than clothing; anthropologists know of no human race that does not make use of such personal ornaments. The oldest of all—early Neolithic necklaces of teeth, pendants of ammonite, fossil shells, and strange pierced stones—perform no practical function, but testify to man's early recognition that rarity, strangeness, and beauty have in them an inexplicable element that is potentially magical. Moreover, the preciousness of gold is itself sanctioned by an immemorial antiquity. Virgin gold, metal that neither rusts nor corrodes, that is the most beautiful and the most malleable of all metals, can still be found in many river beds, and in early times was naturally more plentiful than it is now. It is the only metal—if we except the rare iron of meteorites—which is found in nature in its metallic state; consequently, it was the first of all the metals to be worked by man, even before the use of copper and the invention of bronze. At first its decoration was a cross-hatching that took no account of the malleability of the metal, but in Egypt gold-work soon reached a level which has hardly since been surpassed. It was thence that the Cretan craftsman derived inspiration for golden necklaces (Fig. 1) and wreaths that are like a child's flower-chains made in the springtime of the world. Rarely has so condensed a civilisation produced gold-work on such a scale; the so-called Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ alone contained more than eighty pounds' weight of gold ornaments. Such rich and such finished gold-work helps to account for the peculiarly civilised jewels of classical Greece and Etruria, depending for their beauty upon the delicacy of their chasing and filigree, the purity of their line, and the fineness of the engraved gems with which they are set. Rome followed Greece; but, neither so civilised nor so reasonable, she laid much more stress on the magical side of jewels. The majority of surviving Roman cameos are carved with the prophylactic head of Medusa, and the *bullæ* itself, the most typical of Roman jewels, was destined to ward off the strokes of envy and evil.

The tribes of the great migrations of the fifth century A.D., from whom our own civilisation is inherited in unbroken descent, offer a sharp contrast with Rome in race, in religion, and in political organisation. Like most nomads, however, they owed a good deal to the arts of more settled peoples. All Europe (with the notable exception of Ireland) had shared in Rome's imperial heritage, and retained a tradition, however degenerate, of classic ornament; and the nomadic tribes, however widely distributed, came from a common centre on the South Russian steppes, and brought thence a common tradition of Scythian ornament, itself originally indebted to Greece.

Not only is the design of their gold-work based on Roman and Scythian styles disintegrated and transformed in barbarian hands, but the very forms of jewels have a similar origin. The "cruciform" brooch (Fig. 3) that becomes a typical Scandinavian form, is derived from South Russian types of fibulæ of the second century A.D.; and the West Saxon saucer-shaped brooch (Fig. 4) is a late classical type. Just as there is a definite local element that is also found in design, so the form of the peculiarly beautiful round brooches of Kent (Fig. 5) is Rhenish in origin. Their characteristic adornment with slices of garnet, set like enamel in cells of gold, is inherited through France, through Hungary, through Scythia, eventually from Egypt itself.

The Dark Ages were a time when the goldsmith was the most skilful of artificers, and what he made the most covetable of possessions. The sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries were full of battle, murder, and sudden death; and gold was at the bottom of almost every crime. It is fitly to these centuries that all the goldsmith saints, St. Eloi at their head, belong; for the accursed hunger for gold was in need of exorcism by those who knew something about the subject. The monasteries adopted the craft and made it their own; they chastened the barbarian tradition and refined its technique, and, besides creating marvellous ecclesiastical gold-work, helped the lay-jeweller to produce such masterpieces as the Celtic penannular brooches (Fig. 6) and the later Saxon jewels.

These already show the influence of Byzantium; the ring of Ethelwulf, father of Alfred the Great, has the typical motive of two peacocks at a fountain, while the Alfred Jewel itself and such ornaments as the Dowgate brooch (Fig. 7) show the earlier tradition greatly modified by Byzantine and Celtic Christian influences.

Thanks to the prohibition of the burial of jewels with the dead, early mediæval ornaments are rare; the finest that survives, the eagle brooch of the Empress Gisela, still shows a strong Byzantine influence. This influence is evident even so far afield as in Finnish cross-pendants of the same date; while in the other Scandinavian countries, Carolingian and Celtic types were perpetuated. The great development of religious architecture in France, however, brought a new element into decoration. The scrolling leaves of Romanesque capitals find their way into gold-work, and by the thirteenth century such jewels as St. Louis' Reliquary of the Holy Thorn (Fig. 9), show the goldsmith's art expressing the devotional ideals of the Crusading age in a fashion that is essentially Gothic and French. Thus, insensibly, the minor art of the jeweller was brought into relation with the mistress art of religious architecture; and architectural detail and an architectural gravity of composition became part of the tradition of the craft (Fig. 12).

But religion and architecture were not the only influences in the shaping of mediæval jewels. The legends found on brooches and rings—"Je suis ici en lieu d'ami," "Mon cœur avez sans départir," and the rest—are love poems in miniature, and scenes from the romances are enamelled on jewels (Fig. 11). Charles d'Orléans even had nine hundred and sixty of his pearls set to form the air of one of his songs. The blazonry of feudalism likewise affected the design of jewels (Fig. 13), and the list of the wedding presents given to Isabel of France on her marriage to Richard III. includes few jewels that are not heraldic in design.

The Renaissance, basing its art not on Christian humility, but on human pride, found a new ideal of permanence to be expressed in the lasting beauty of gems, and a new need of personal magnificence which they could best meet. There comes a gradual loss of plastic quality in jewellery, compensated by an

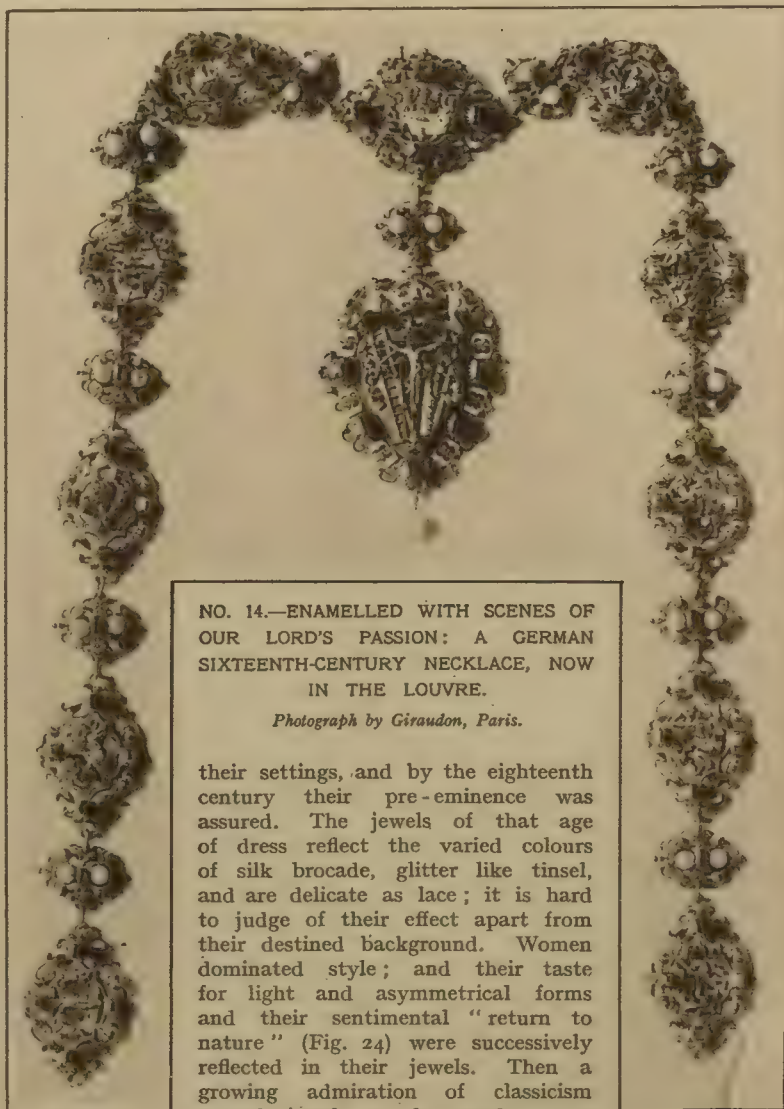
increasing skill in the cutting and display of gems. Religious subjects survive for a time (Fig. 14, below), but more characteristic are jewels that glorify individual personality (Figs. 15 and 16), or that express the fancies of the individual imagination. The religious symbolism of the Middle Ages gave place to a new symbolism of devices and emblems (Fig. 19); but, while classical conceits were expressed in jewels—as, for instance, in an apple-shaped pomander adorned with the legend of the apple of Paris—there was no direct imitation of classical models.

The early seventeenth century was marked by developments in the technique of enamelling, and by a new unity and congruity in design. No oddities were left to shock the taste of the *Précieuses*. Enamelled watches and miniature-cases are the most characteristic jewels of the period, and are adorned with enamel in silhouette designs of great refinement and beauty (Fig. 21). Gradually their lines become softened into what is called the "pea-pod" style, which becomes more and more flowing in line. Meanwhile men were learning to examine the beauties of flowers with a new curiosity, and their tastes were soon reflected in the various sorts of enamel—painted *champlevé*, and translucent enamel over gold in relief (Fig. 22).

The age of Versailles worshipped splendour, but made every detail subordinate to the design of the whole. Jewels could no longer be permitted to indulge in splendid incongruities, but took their place as part of the ordered scheme of the dress (Fig. 23). The Court, moreover, now enjoyed its festivities by night as well as by day, and by night the richness of enamel is dulled and subdued, while diamonds and all faceted gems shine with redoubled beauty. Mazarin had done much to encourage the development of diamond-cutting, and roses and brilliants had been added to the earlier table-cut stones. Consequently, with the progress of the century, gems gained more and more importance over



NO. 15.—BY HANS HOLBEIN: A DESIGN FOR AN INITIAL PENDANT, NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



NO. 14.—ENAMELLED WITH SCENES OF OUR LORD'S PASSION: A GERMAN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY NECKLACE, NOW IN THE LOUVRE.

Photograph by Giraudon, Paris.

their settings, and by the eighteenth century their pre-eminence was assured. The jewels of that age of dress reflect the varied colours of silk brocade, glitter like tinsel, and are delicate as lace; it is hard to judge of their effect apart from their destined background. Women dominated style; and their taste for light and asymmetrical forms and their sentimental "return to nature" (Fig. 24) were successively reflected in their jewels. Then a growing admiration of classicism caused jewels to be made—pure in line, exquisite in technique, graceful and elegant—that none the less, in a certain monotony and deadness of perfection, herald the advent of the Age of Industry.

JEWELLERY THROUGH THE AGES: THE OLDEST OF THE ARTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS JOAN EVANS. BY PERMISSION OF THE VARIOUS MUSEUMS CONCERNED.



1. MADE NEARLY FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO: A GROUP OF CRETAN GOLD NECKLACES DATING FROM ABOUT 1800 B.C. (CANDIA MUSEUM.)



2. WITH A PAIR OF ETRUSCAN EAR-RINGS: A ROMAN BRACELET. (VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.)



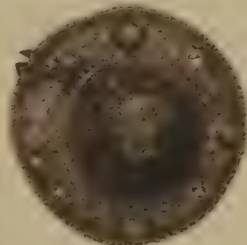
3. 6TH-CENT.: A CRUCIFORM BROOCH FROM ICKLINGHAM. (ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.)



4. OF THE SIXTH CENTURY A.D.: GILT BRONZE BROOCHES—(LEFT) FROM FRILFORD, (RIGHT) FROM ABINGDON.

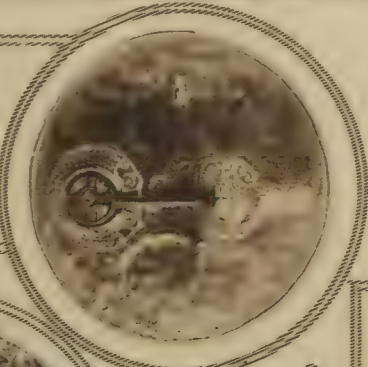


6. 8TH CENT.: THE HUNTERSTON BROOCH, FOUND AT WEST KILBRIDE, Ayrshire, WITH GOLD FILIGREE AND AMBER. (NATIONAL MUSEUM, EDINBURGH.)

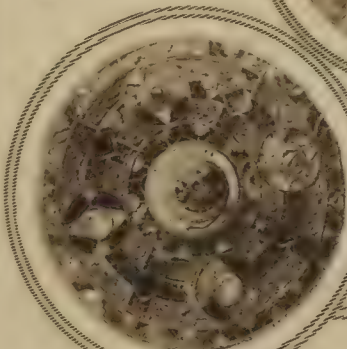


7. 10TH CENT.: A SAXON BROOCH WITH ENAMEL FOUND AT DOWGATE HILL, LONDON. (BR. MUS.)

EARLY SEVENTH CENTURY: THE KINGSTON BROOCH, FOUND IN A WOMAN'S GRAVE AT KINGSTON DOWN, KENT—THE BACK.



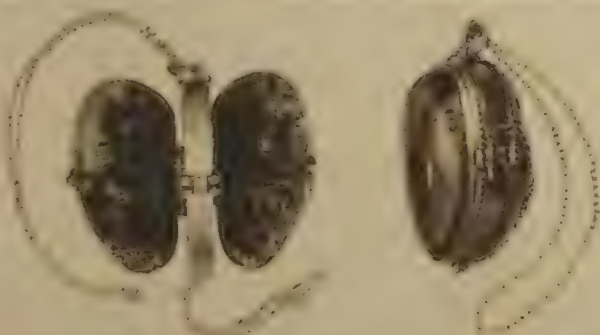
5. WITH GARNETS SET OVER HATCHED FOIL, GOLD FILIGREE, AND IVORY BOSSES: THE KINGSTON BROOCH. (LIVERPOOL MUSEUM.)



10. (L. TO R.) 15TH CENT. SPANISH CAMEO, FRENCH RING AND HEART-SHAPED BROOCHES; 13TH CENT. FRENCH RING-BROOCH. (V. AND A.)



8. 13TH CENT.: THE BACK OF THE SEAL OF THE CATHEDRAL CHAPTER, BRECHIN.



9. FRENCH 13TH CENTURY: THE RELIQUARY OF THE HOLY THORN—(L.) INTERIOR OF GOLD ENAMELLED WITH PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION SCENES; (RIGHT) COVER SET WITH AMETHYSTS. (BRITISH MUSEUM.)



11. ENGLISH, 14TH CENTURY: A SILVER-GILT PENDANT "TABLET," SET WITH TWO PLAQUES OF TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL. (VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.)

The wonderful discoveries of ancient Egyptian ornaments in Tutankhamen's tomb lend great interest, at the moment, to the subject of "The Development of Jewels," on which Miss Joan Evans recently gave an informal lecture at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It was one of the series of Thursday evening talks, by experts, arranged for each week from January to March 25. "Jewels," writes Miss Evans in her article on the opposite page, "are older than houses, older than pottery, older than clothing." Jewellery, then, may be called the oldest of the arts, unless the fashioning of rude weapons and

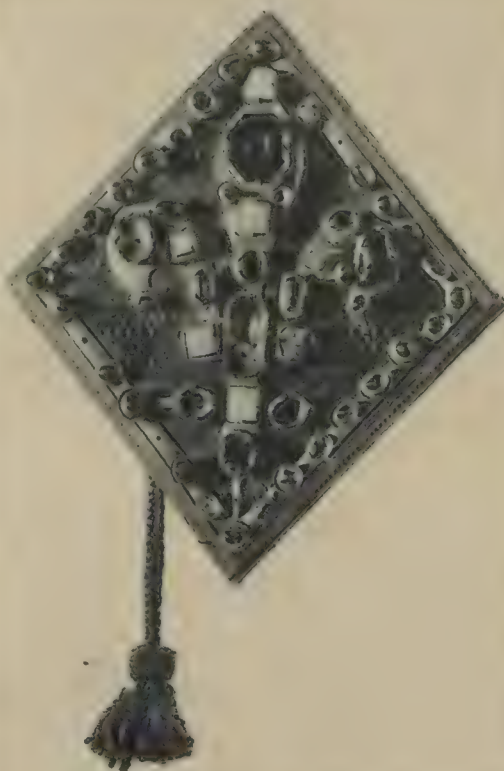
implements be regarded as an art. The photographs are given chronologically on this page and another, except the two that accompany her article. The Reliquary of the Holy Thorn (shown above in No. 9) was given by St. Louis to the King of Aragon. In No. 10, the smaller ring-brooch is inscribed "Sans departier," and the heart-shaped one, "Nostre et tout ditz a vostre [d]ésir." In No. 11, the side illustrated represents a knight riding by a castle, from which a lady hands him his lance. The other side has a combat scene between the knight and a wild man.

JEWELLERY THROUGH THE AGES: THE OLDEST OF THE ARTS.

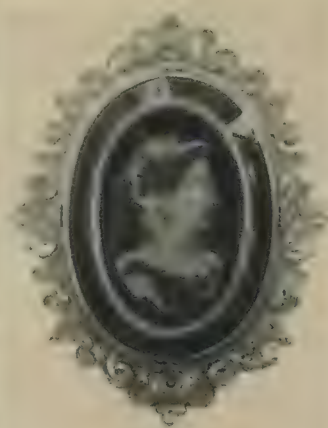
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS JOAN EVANS. BY PERMISSION OF THE VARIOUS MUSEUMS AND OWNERS CONCERNED. No. 13 BY GIRAUDON, PARIS; NOS. 17 AND 22-24 CROWN COPYRIGHT.



12. 15TH CENTURY: A SILVER-GILT MORSE, WITH PEARLS AND BLUE AND GREEN ENAMELS, REPRESENTING THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI. (V. AND A. MUSEUM.)



13. OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY: A FLEUR-DE-LYS CLASP FROM THE TREASURY OF ST. DENIS (NOW IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.)



16. A PORTRAIT CAMEO OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. (IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.)



17. SPANISH, 17TH CENT.: PENDANT OF ENAMELLED GOLD, WITH PRECIOUS STONES. (V. & A. MUSEUM.)



18. GERMAN, 16TH CENT.: A RENAISSANCE JEWEL WITH VENUS AND CUPID. (BRIT. MUSEUM.)



19. IN MOUSE-TRAP FORM: AN EMBLEMATIC JEWEL OF ENAMELLED GOLD WITH RUBIES AND DIAMONDS—C. 1600. (STOCKHOLM MUSEUM.)



22. A 17TH-CENT. WATCH: THE CASE COVERED IN GOLD, WITH TRANSLUCENT ENAMEL. (V. AND A. MUSEUM.)



20. RARELY FOUND BOTH SURVIVING—THE DESIGN AND THE JEWEL MADE FROM IT: A PENDANT WITH CRYSTALS, MADE FOR ANNE OF DENMARK BY ARNOLD LULLS (C. 1610).



21. THE LYTE JEWEL, WITH A MINIATURE OF JAMES I. BY OLIVER, C. 1610. (BRIT. MUSEUM.)



23. SPANISH, 17TH CENTURY: A BODICE ORNAMENT OF ENAMELLED GOLD SET WITH DIAMONDS. (VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.)



24. EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY; A BOUQUET OF ENAMELLED AND JEWELLED FLOWERS. (V. AND A. MUSEUM.)

These photographs continue in chronological order from those given on page 267, except that two (Nos. 14 and 15) have been transferred to page 266 to accompany the article by Miss Joan Evans on the evolution of jewellery. The numbers correspond to references in her article. Her full note on No. 20 above reads: "It is very rare to find that both the design for a jewel and the jewel itself have survived. Arnold Lulls, a Dutch jeweller working in England, made a design for a pendant for Anne of Denmark, about 1610.

His drawing is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and the pendant made from it (set with beautifully cut crystals) is now in the Cabinet des Médailles of the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. Both have the sacred I.H.S. design modified to U.H.S., apparently to make it balance better." The Lyte Jewel (No. 21) is so called because it was given by James I. to Thomas Lyte, in reward for a pedigree of the royal ancestry. It contains a miniature portrait of that King by Oliver.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, MANUEL, L.N.A., P.P.A., ELLIOT AND FRY, SWAINE, P. AND A., S. AND G., TOPICAL, AND HARRIS EWING.



A PIONEER OF RESEARCH IN HEREDITY: THE LATE DR. WILLIAM BATESON.



THE NEW SUFFRAGAN BISHOP OF BARROW-IN-FURNESS: THE REV. HERBERT S. PELHAM.



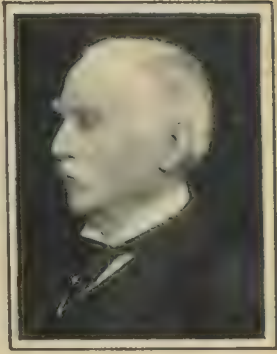
A FAMOUS FIGURE IN FRENCH ART CIRCLES: THE LATE M. ADOLPHE WILLETTE.



FIRST SUFFRAGAN BISHOP OF FULHAM: THE REV. BASIL S. BATTY, O.B.E.



NEW CANON OF NORWICH: THE REV. A. R. H. GRANT, M.V.O., D.D.



FOUNDER OF THE ORLEANS CLUB: THE LATE SIR HENRY H. WOMBWELL, BT.



DEFEATERS OF MISS HELEN WILLS AND MR. C. F. AESCHLIMANN: Mlle. SUZANNE LENGLEN AND BARON H. DE MORPURGO.



WEARING THE NEW SUN-SHIELD CAP FOR LAWN-TENNIS: MISS JOAN RIDLEY IN SOUTH AFRICA.



WINNERS OF THE LADIES' DOUBLES IN THE NICE LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: MISS HELEN WILLS AND MISS E. BENNETT.



AT A MILITARY SKI-RUNNING EVENT: THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.



CELEBRATING THEIR SILVER WEDDING: THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS AND HER CONSORT, PRINCE HENRY.



WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Dr. William Bateson was famous as a biologist. He was President of the British Association in 1914, and this year was to have been President of that Association's Botanical Section.—The new Suffragan Bishop of Barrow was formerly Vicar of Barking. He also becomes Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Aldingham.—M. Adolphe Willette was celebrated as a French illustrator in the latter half of the nineteenth century.—The Suffragan Bishop of Fulham will have charge of the Chaplaincies in North and Central Europe.—The Rev. A. R. H. Grant became Rector of Sandringham and Domestic Chaplain to the King, and Librarian at Sandringham, in 1912. He was also Honorary Domestic Chaplain to the late Queen Alexandra.

He married one of her late Majesty's Maids of Honour, the Hon. Margaret Dawnay.—Sir Henry Herbert Wombwell, who died the other day at the age of eighty-five, founded the Orleans Club in London and the Orleans Club in Brighton, and, more recently, was concerned with the management of Boodle's, of which he was a member.—Mlle. Lenglen and Baron H. de Morpurgo beat Miss Helen Wills and Mr. C. F. Aeschlimann in the final of the Mixed Doubles at the Nice Lawn-Tennis Tournament (6-1, 6-2).—Sunday, February 7, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of Queen Wilhelmina and Prince Henry. The celebrations were quiet, owing to the distress caused by the recent floods:

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IF winter comes," as Shelley sang (all unconscious of best sellers), "can spring be far behind?" Although the spring publishing season has not yet come to full fruition, there has arrived a goodly crop of its forerunners—literary daffodils that "come before the swallow dares," and take the fogs of February with beauty.

In a bunch of five autobiographical books it behoves me to give place *aux dames* to an appropriate pair—"REMINISCENCES," by Mrs. J. Comyns Carr, Edited by Eve Adam; with 24 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s. net); and "REMINISCENCES, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL," by Roma Lister; with 16 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 21s. net). Women, I think, on the whole, are more amusing "reminiscers" than men, for their interests and observations are usually more personal. The author of the first-named book is the widow of the well-known dramatist, the late Mr. J. Comyns-Carr, and she has dwelt among the stars of the theatrical, artistic, and literary world. She has much to tell about William Morris and Burne-Jones, Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, George Meredith, Hare, Irving, Ellen Terry, and Barrie. The illustrations include several portraits by Sargent never hitherto reproduced. The memories of Miss Roma Lister range afar in Continental society, chiefly Italian. The author is a lady of Lancashire birth, whose grandparents were connected by marriage with the family of the Earl of Harewood. She was for many years a well-known hostess in Rome, and takes the reader also to Florence, Copenhagen, the Tyrol, Bavaria, and Norway, not to mention visits to her native land. Her brisk and anecdotal recollections run from the 'eighties to the present day.

When I said that women excel men in this vein, I reckoned without Mr. Beverley Nichols, author of "25: BEING A YOUNG MAN'S CANDID RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS ELDERS AND BETTERS"; with portrait frontispiece (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net). I was thinking more of those graver records sometimes associated with years of dullness and discretion. This book bubbles with the divine insolence and *insouciance* of youth—not that it is entirely frivolous or concerned with trivial things—on the contrary, the author has mingled with the great on both sides of the Atlantic—but it has a light touch with celebrities, and it is almost incredibly candid. It contains also some thrilling ghost stories. The author suggests that twenty-five is the latest age at which anyone should write an autobiography; but why not fifteen, or even ten? Those are the ages at which self-revelation is at present least available.

The other two books of personal recollections on my list represent two very different but equally thrilling forms of open-air activity. "COW RANGE AND HUNTING TRAIL," by Malcolm S. Mackay, with 35 Photographic Illustrations and 3 original Drawings by Charles M. Russell (Putnam; 10s. 6d.), is an American's breezy account of hunting experiences in the late 'nineties on a Montana ranch, and the game trails of the Rockies and Alaska. The author had exciting adventures with bears and a narrow squeak on a precipice ledge, when only quick shooting saved him and his companion from being bowled over by a couple of charging rams. That a man need not go to the Wild West to encounter the "bright eyes of danger" is proved in "STEEPLEJACKS AND STEEPLJACKING," by William Larkins, illustrated from photographs (Jonathan Cape; 6s. net). These are the experiences of a man who in more senses than one is at the top of his profession, for he has spent his life in climbing and repairing our highest steeples and chimneys. He tells many hair-raising adventures, perhaps the most exciting being his fight in mid-air with a madman. He mentions that steeplejacking seems to possess a peculiar fascination for journalists. Being a giddy sort of person, I cannot claim to be one of these, though susceptible to the fascinating vertigo of the narrative.

Next I come to a pair of books akin as describing two countries—one in the Old World, the other in the New—

which are a source of disquietude and have both been subject to subversive internal changes: "THE NEW RUSSIA," by L. Haden Guest, M.P.; 2 Maps, Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia (Thornton Butterworth; 10s. 6d. net); and "THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO: ITS AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND INDUSTRIES," compiled and edited by Hermann Schnitzler, Ph.D., Litt.D.; with a Map in Colours (Hutchinson; 25s. net). Dr. Haden Guest, who in 1920 was Secretary of the British Labour Delegation to Russia, has aimed at supplying useful information to the politician, the sociologist, and the business man. "It

Edition (Cecil Palmer; 5s. net). Sir Alfred Robbins, who knew Parnell intimately, defines him (reversing a recent description of Tom Moore) "as an Englishman's idea of what an Irishman should not be." Parnell was an enigma, and Sir Alfred admits that he was often puzzled greatly by him, and is puzzled still. "That, because of a fevered and frenzied love, he ruined his reputation, shattered his party, and deeply injured the country he had sought to serve, was a political as well as a personal tragedy which has seldom been matched."

Mr. C. J. O'Donnell, who retired from the Indian Civil Service in 1900, and was Liberal M.P. for Walworth, 1906-10, has issued a third edition of his book, which made a considerable stir two years ago. It is highly controversial, and denounces both Britain's war policy and the Irish treaty. The author holds that we "put our money on the wrong horse," and should have backed Germany instead of France and Russia. He describes the segregation of Ulster as "a policy which the Irish people never had contemplated and never will accept."

Curiously enough, the title of Mr. O'Donnell's political bombshell occurs as a phrase on the first page of a book, by contrast, placidly descriptive, "A STUDENT IN SICILY," by Mrs. Nevill Jackson; with 8 Illustrations in colour and 65 in half-tone, and a Map (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d. net). "Sicily," she begins, "is about one third of the size of Ireland. . . . In the story of Naxos, myths change into the certainty of Greek history, and here was fought the three-cornered duel for the lordship of the world [my italics] by Greek, Roman, and Carthaginian." The "here," of course, refers to Sicily, not to Naxos. After the invariable disclaimer in such works, that "it is not a guide-book," the author describes it as "rather the sketch-book of a

student, who notes the scenery, the buildings, with their great historical perspective, and the crafts," with special reference in several chapters to the needs of "moderate collectors." Her historical allusions seem to me sometimes a little misleading, as when she says of Naxos: "There had been the beginnings of Greek history in Sicily and also its end, for the tyrant Dionysius swept down on the colonists in 403 B.C. and wiped them out." Dionysius was tyrant of Syracuse, another Greek colony founded only one year later than Naxos, and I don't know what he was if he was not a Greek. This Naxos in Sicily, by the way, must not be confused with the island where Dionysus (*alias* Bacchus) consoled Ariadne. The numerous photographs add greatly to the charm of Mrs. Jackson's vivid word-pictures.

From a book by an artistic woman I turn to one of which a woman artist is the subject—namely "BERTHE MORISOT," by Armand Foureaux, Translated by Hubert Wellington; with 40 Illustrations (The Bodley Head; 5s. net). This is a volume in "The Masters of Modern Art" series. Berthe Morisot, one of the pioneers of the French Impressionist school, was a sister-in-law of Manet. Her delicate art is well represented by the many reproductions. One point that strikes me is the solemn expression of the faces in all her figure studies. Not one of them has the ghost of a smile!

The rearguard is sometimes the place of honour, as pointed out in "The Gondoliers" by the Duke of Plaza Toro, who always led his regiment on such occasions. So

I bring up the rear of this article with "THE SAVOY OPERAS": being the complete text of the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas as originally produced in the years 1875-1896, by Sir W. S. Gilbert (Macmillan; 8s. 6d. net). It suffices, I think, simply to name the book. One could not "review" Gilbert, any more than one could "review" Shakespeare—an essay or nothing. All good Savoyards—among whom I claim a place, as one who remembers the elder Grossmith, and has long cherished tattered copies of the paper-covered librettos—will rejoice to possess their scriptures in a classic and durable form. After this confession of Gilbertian faith, I "retire to my attic, with the gratifying feeling that my duty has been done."

C. E. B.



AWARDED BY THE KING TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" WHO RESCUED THE CREW OF THE "ANTINOE": THE GOLD MEDAL FOR GALLANTRY—OBSERVE AND REVERSE.

The Gold Medal for Gallantry in Saving Life at Sea (Foreign Services) has been awarded by the King to Robert B. Miller, Chief Officer of the "President Roosevelt"; Thomas Sloan, Third Officer; Frank M. Upton, Fourth Officer; and seventeen men, including (posthumously) the two drowned—Uno Wirtanen, Master-at-Arms, and Ernest Heitman, Boatswain's Mate—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

is time," he writes, "we got out of the red fog and the white fog, which have surrounded Russian questions, and let in some ordinary daylight." He deals successively with political geography, government, constitution, law, foreign policy, agriculture, industries, trade (home and foreign), co-operation, finance, education, and labour. It is significant that, while the death penalty is inflicted in Soviet Russia for "any act which may cause obvious injury to the Dictatorship of the Proletariat," the punishment for wilful murder is "not less than eight years' imprisonment." Dr. Hermann Schnitzler's work is a volume in the Library



TO COMMEMORATE THE NAMESAKE OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT": A MODEL (15 BY 17 FT.) OF THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGN FOR A MEMORIAL TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT AT WASHINGTON.

In a competition for designs for the proposed memorial to Theodore Roosevelt, the famous President of the United States (1901-9), the first prize was awarded to this miniature model designed by Mr. John Russell Pope. In the middle of a circular lake, flanked by curving colonnades and set in a park, is a round island of white granite, with a central fountain, representing a single shaft of water rising to 200 ft. At the base four symbolic ships carry Roosevelt's message to the four points of the compass.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

of Latin-American Information. Like Dr. Haden Guest's, it revels in statistics and abounds in facts useful for commercial enterprise, but differs in leaving politics severely alone, and gives no hint of the conditions which led to such events as the death of Mrs. Evans, or the recent railway outrage. There is an interesting list of the numerous archaeological ruins in Mexico.

Home politics form the connecting link between "PARNELL: THE LAST FIVE YEARS," Told from Within by Sir Alfred Robbins; with Portrait Frontispiece (Thornton Butterworth; 10s. 6d. net), and "THE LORDSHIP OF THE WORLD: THE BRITISH EMPIRE, THE UNITED STATES, AND GERMANY," by C. J. O'Donnell, ex-M.P., London; Third

DINING ON THE FLOOR: A STATE BANQUET IN ORIENTAL STYLE.

LOWER PHOTOGRAPH BY C.N.



WITH THE GUESTS ALL SQUATTING ON THE FLOOR, AND THE DISHES PLACED BEFORE THEM ON SLIGHTLY RAISED TRAYS: A STATE DINNER GIVEN RECENTLY BY THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA (SEATED IN THE CENTRE BACKGROUND) ON THE OCCASION OF HIS JUBILEE.

A State banquet given by an Indian Ruling Prince, in true Oriental style, is illustrated in the upper photograph. It was taken by flash-light in the Raj Mahel at Baroda on the occasion of the State dinner (*Pankti-Bhojan*), at which his Highness the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda recently entertained the leading men of the city. The guests, it will be noted, all sat, or squatted, on the floor in long lines, with dishes placed before them on low trays. The Gaekwar himself occupied a chair of state at one end of the hall, as shown in the illustration. This banquet was

[Continued opposite.



HOW THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA ENTERTAINED THE GUESTS AT HIS JUBILEE DURBAR: NAUTCH GIRLS WHO SANG AND DANCED BEFORE THE COMPANY.

[Continued.]

given in connection with the Gaekwar's recent celebration of the fiftieth year of his accession to the throne of Baroda. A public procession on that occasion, with the Gaekwar riding in a palanquin on a State elephant, was illustrated in our issue of February 6. The lower photograph shows two Nautch girls who sang and danced before the company present at the Gaekwar's jubilee Durbar. A note on the photograph says, "According to custom in the Indian States, they withdraw on the arrival of the ruler when the business of the Durbar begins."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SNOWDROPS AND CROCUSES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE read of men who have grown utterly weary of blue skies, and long for the gloom of an English November day, or even for a London fog! Conceivably I also might come to such desires, but I find it hard to believe. Pent up in London, I long for the spring, and hence I find myself looking anxiously forward to the coming of the snowdrops and the crocuses, and I know well that I am but one of a throng. These two flowers have a host of admirers, yet I have met few, save expert botanists,

pollen in the anthers is dead, and so also are the ovules which were destined to form the seeds for the next generation.

Why is the flower of the snowdrop white? In one or two species the petals are tipped with green; but so far as we know this is a matter of no importance. The lack of colour of the petals of these flowers seems to show that they are mainly fertilised by night-flying insects. But as to this matter, we await careful observations. Why is the flower bell-shaped? This is no mere "accident" of shape, but has come about in order to preserve the radiant heat around the pollen-bearing anthers during the night. The petals, which form this protecting shelter, having completed their growth, are not injured by the cold, even though they lose all the heat gathered during the day, but the ripening anthers can afford to lose none.

And now as to the crocus "bulb." This, by botanists, is known as a "corm." In section it is found to be solid. The leaves and flower-stem spring from its centre; the rest of the solid matter is to serve as

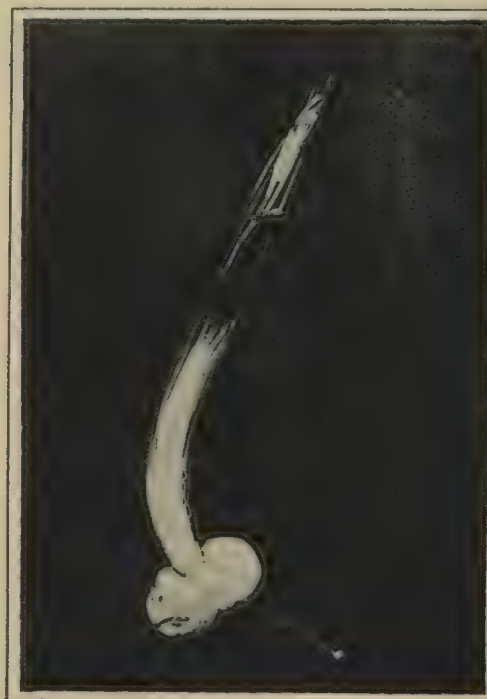
food for the early stages of growth, till the leaves are large enough to take up the task of providing food. Each year, as growth proceeds, a new corm is formed above the old one, which gradually disappears. And a very curious thing happens in the course of the growth of the new corm. Since it grows on the top of its parent it finds itself at a higher level, and so, in a year or two, the last developed corm would find itself resting on the surface

of the ground, and it is necessary to well-being that it should lie well underground. To effect this certain of the roots of the new corm, therefore, have the power of contraction, so as to pull the corm down to the required level.

After flowering is over, crocuses develop a very untidy appearance, owing to the drooping of the long leaves. If we cut them off, in our efforts to secure neatness, we inevitably kill the plant. For these leaves are now forming new food-material to be stored in the corm for next year's flowering. The snowdrop, throughout the whole of its range over Europe and Asia Minor, develops only white or green-and-white flowers. But the crocus, to our great joy, displays a magnificent range of colours. They are fertilised by day-flying insects, especially bees, and, to enable this to be done efficiently, they open wide when the sun shines. But during dull, cold days, and at night, they draw together to form a closed



SHOWING THE OVARY AT THE BASE OF THE PETALS, AND ITS DEVELOPING SEEDS: A SNOWDROP FLOWER IN SECTION.



STORED WITH FOOD MATERIAL WHICH, IN THE DAFFODIL, IS CONTAINED IN LEAF-LIKE PLATES: THE SOLID "CORM" OF THE CROCUS.

who realise how strangely interesting is the life-history of these heralds of spring.

Both these plants are popularly supposed to grow from "bulbs." But this is true only of the snowdrop. It is really, like the daffodil bulb, an underground stem, which, seen in section, shows a solid, conical substance surmounted by the potential leaves and flower. Beneath, in a sprouting bulb, will be found the roots. All through the summer this bulb lies hidden in the ground, slowly developing the leaves and flowers to welcome us in the spring. At the end of September the potential flower and foliage can be recognised between their enveloping sheaths and bulb-scales. It might be thought an easy matter to force this bulb into a premature development by raising the temperature of the surrounding soil, so that we might enjoy snowdrops in November. To a certain extent this is true. Experiments have shown that under such conditions leaves and flowers can be made to appear; but the flowers are never properly developed, and soon perish. Yet, four months later, both leaves and flowers develop quickly, and at a temperature but little above zero.

The explanation of this peculiarity is that the plant needs a period of rest, which cannot be hastened, and during which the tissues slowly acquire the potentiality of growth. We can, in short, no more hasten the development of the snowdrop than we can hasten the appearance of the chick by raising the temperature of the incubator. Each has its appointed time. The external temperature has nothing to do with the matter of germination. A potato tuber will lie in a dark cellar all the winter, quiescent. Spring arrives, above ground everything germinates, and sprouts from the sun-warmed soil. But no such grateful warmth reaches the dark, cold cellar. Yet, as if it knew that its time had come, the potato begins to sprout. Why did it not begin in December? Because the constructive materials of its tissues require a definite time for their "ripening," and the process cannot be hastened by any device known to man.

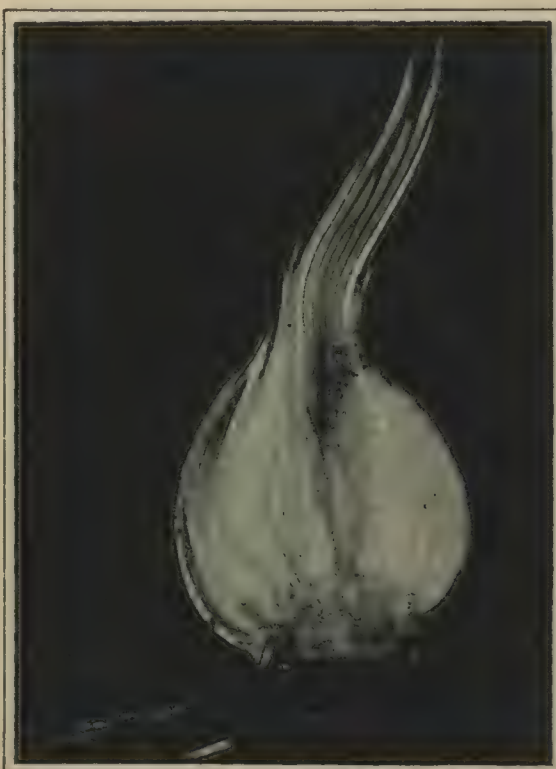
If in the spring a blossoming snowdrop is surprised by a frost, the flower-stalk and leaves sink down as though withered beyond hope of recovery; while the flower remains apparently uninjured. This is, however, far from being the correct interpretation of the evidence. With returning warmth the leaves rise up again and continue to grow. But the vital

tube, and for the same reason as in the case of the bell-shaped snowdrop, to retain the heat gathered from the sunshine for the ripening of the pollen.

But the flower of the crocus is more than merely beautiful. It is a singularly remarkable structure. Cut a section through the flower of the snowdrop, and at its base you will see the developing seeds lying within the ovary. But you will not easily find this in the crocus, for it is hidden underground, and cannot be examined, during the flowering period, without digging up the whole plant. If, however, you have the patience to wait, this ovary will eventually be thrust up out of the soil. By the time the June roses are blooming, this upthrust will have ceased, and standing well above the ground will be a brown, three-angled capsule, which, in due course, will split into three portions, disclosing the somewhat large seeds from which new plants will arise, though they will require about four years to arrive at the flowering stage. No one has yet explained why this ovary should be thus kept underground. The fertilising pollen-grains, in consequence, have a tremendous journey to make before they can effect their purpose; for they have to burrow along the whole length of the stigma from the very top of the flower to the ovary.

Sparrows, unfortunately, have a great fondness for crocus flowers. It is generally supposed that they destroy them out of pure wantonness. More probably they are attracted by the sweetness of the nectar, which fills the long, slender tube of the flower, serving as a bait for the bees. In their efforts to obtain this, they get covered with pollen, which is thus carried to neighbouring flowers in need of fertilisation.

The German botanist Kerner made an interesting experiment some years ago. He buried bulbs of tulips and corms of the crocus at varying depths, ranging from two to twenty inches. Even when buried as deep as eight inches some flower-buds of the crocus appeared, and some tulip flowers appeared from a depth of a foot. Beyond this no more than the tips of a few leaves appeared; but none succeeded in reaching the surface from a greater depth than sixteen inches. From this he gathered that the reserve supply of food stored in the corm and bulb-scales was exhausted by these efforts to reach the light and air.



SURMOUNTED BY "LEAVES" STORED WITH FOOD MATERIAL: A DAFFODIL BULB.

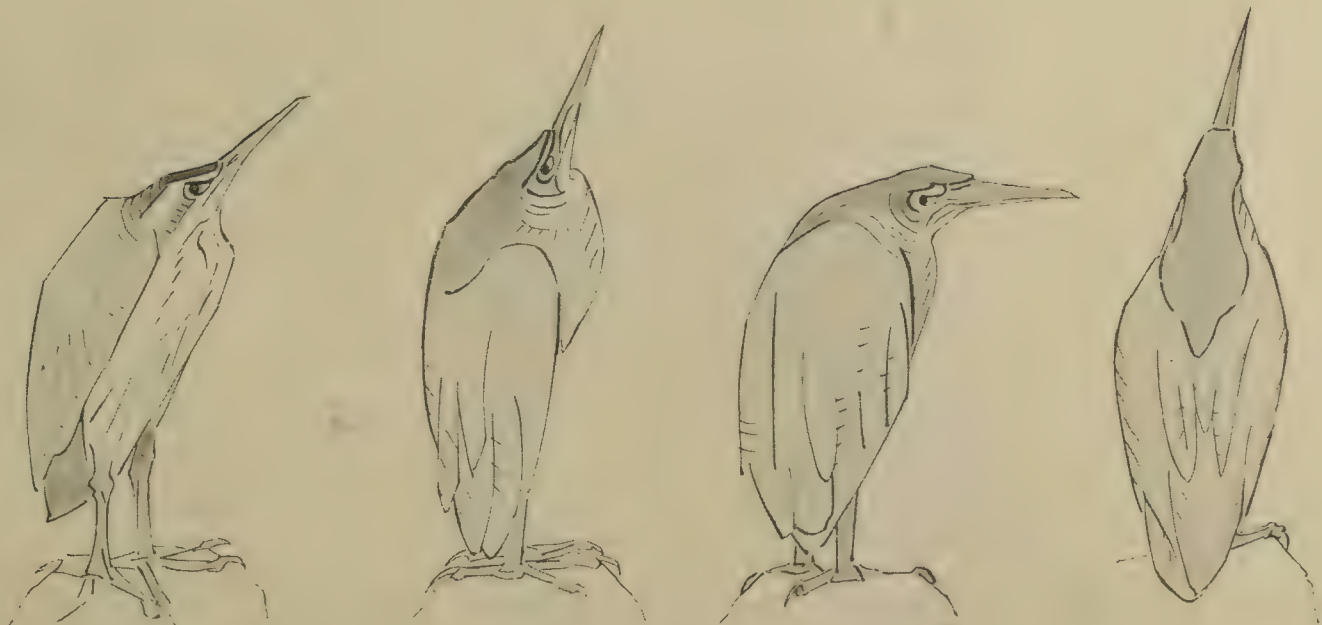
"The bulb of a daffodil, from its large size, is easier to examine than that of the snowdrop. The cone-like stem is seen to be surmounted by a series of closely applied 'leaves,' stored with food material for the growing stem arising from the centre of the bulb. The formation of the flower-bud in the very centre of the upright stem is plainly seen."—[Photographs by E. J. Manly.]

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. VI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



*The Bittern—a new arrival
at the "Zoo."*



J.A.S.

Our sympathetic advances are rejected

with bitter venom and contempt.

WOES OF THE BITTERN: A SURVIVOR FROM THE "SPORTSMAN'S" GUN IN EAST ANGLIA, AND ITS BRAZILIAN COUSIN.

"Reports are to hand," writes Mr. J. A. Shepherd in a note on this drawing, "of large bags of bitterns (shot and maimed) made recently in Norfolk and Suffolk. 'Once bittern, twice shy!' one would have thought; but the birds still venture to our inhospitable shore. One has arrived at the 'Zoo' lame, and joins a Tiger Bittern from Brazil. Feathered folk in the Aviary followed our example and mobbed it, but its business-like beak prevented their

closer inspection. We made sympathetic advances to the Tiger Bittern on this unfortunate affair, but they were rejected with bitter venom and contempt." One of six bitterns shot near Aldeburgh was picked up injured by Mrs. Edward Clodd, local hon. secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. It was stated that she was nursing it back to health with a view to its being released on a private broad where all rare birds are protected.



THE GOLD PORTRAIT-MASK OF THE BOY-KING TUTANKHAMEN:

THE WONDERFUL HEAD-COVERING OF THE MUMMY, OF BEATEN GOLD, INLAID WITH POLYCHROME GLASS AND SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES.

Enormous interest was aroused by the publication, in our issue of June 27 last, of a double-page colour-plate, similar to the above, showing the head and shoulders of the golden effigy forming the lid of the first, or outermost, of the three anthropoid coffins, "nested" one within another, found inside the sarcophagus in Tutankhamen's tomb. The innermost coffin contained the mummy of the boy-King, who was only about eighteen when he died. Equal interest, we feel sure, will be taken in this companion picture of the wonderful mask found over the head and shoulders of the mummy. This mask, or similitude, is made of solid beaten gold, valued intrinsically, as bullion, at £5000, and is inlaid with semi-precious stones and polychrome glass.

The dark-blue striations are of lapis lazuli, the lighter blue of turquoise, and the red and brown of carnelian. The eyelashes and eyebrows are of lapis lazuli, and the dark pupils of obsidian. The head of the royal serpent over the brow is of dark-blue faience. Other details are of feldspar and calcite. Our last number contained previously unpublished photographs illustrating the discovery and examination of the coffins by Mr. Howard Carter, the famous Egyptologist, who, with the late Earl of Carnarvon, was the discoverer of the tomb. As noted under the monochrome photograph of this mask, Mr. Carter has said: "It is a superb example of Egyptian art and craftsmanship. Not only is it life-size, but, on comparison with the mummy, a life-like portrait."

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. HARRY BURTON, OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK. (WORLD COPYRIGHT STRICTLY RESERVED.)

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TO CHURCH ON SKIS: DURING A GREAT WINTER-SPORTS WEEK.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CLAIR-GUYOT.



"CHURCH PARADE" AT CHAMONIX: WINTER-SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS' RETURN FROM MASS.

One of the strangest aspects of modern Society's winter-sport life is provided by "Church Parade" on Sunday mornings at Chamonix. Our picture illustrates a typical scene outside the church at that resort, where "La Grande Semaine des Sports d'Hiver" has just taken place. Although skating, ski-ing, and tobogganing go on during the day, it is the custom to attend church. No change of costume is,

however, considered necessary, and a curious effect is provided by a congregation which includes many women in brilliant sweaters, breeches or trousers, and wearing thick, hobnailed or spiked boots, coming to church with all the accoutrements of sport in their hands. Skis are worn to the church door, and left outside while the service is in progress.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: THE MOST MEMORABLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND

NEWS OF THE WEEK RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND PHOTOPRESS.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE SENNAR DAM: WATER FLOWING THROUGH THE SLUICES AFTER LORD LLOYD HAD SET THE MACHINERY IN MOTION.



A GREAT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE SUDAN: LORD LLOYD (SPEAKING) INAUGURATES THE SENNAR DAM—SHOWING (L. TO R.) LADY LLOYD, SIR GEOFFREY ARCHER, AND SIR ISMAIL PASHA SIRRY.



GUNS THAT FIRED THIRTY SHELLS INTO LISBON DURING THE RECENT ABORTIVE REVOLT: THE REBEL ARTILLERY OUTSIDE THEIR STRONGHOLD—ALMADA CHURCH.



TOLD TO "HOLD UP THEIR HEADS AND STEP OUT, AS THEY HAD NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF": SOME OF THE 100 PORTUGUESE REBELS ESCORTED BY GOVERNMENT TROOPS AFTER SURRENDER.

The great Sennar Dam (named from a neighbouring town) across the Blue Nile at Makwar, and the new Gezira canal system, were officially inaugurated on January 21, by Lord Lloyd, the recently appointed High Commissioner for Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. This immense irrigation scheme, which owed its inception largely to Lord Kitchener, has a twofold object—to raise the water of the Blue Nile to a level enabling it to irrigate through canals over 300,000 acres in the Gezira, and to store in a reservoir water to irrigate cotton crops in that area during the spring months, when the Sudan must not draw on the natural flow of the river. The dam, which has a railway line on top, is over two miles long, and the main canal is seventy miles long, with 680 miles of subsidiary canals. Lord Lloyd was accompanied by Lady Lloyd, Sir Geoffrey Archer, Governor-General of the Sudan, and Sir Ismail Pasha Sirry, Egyptian Minister of Public Works.—On board the American liner "President Roosevelt," at Southampton on February 6, medals and gifts were presented to the

THE DUKE OF YORK'S NEW TOWN HOUSE: NO. 40, GROSVENOR SQUARE, WHICH HE HAS TAKEN FURNISHED, AND IS EXPECTED TO OCCUPY IN APRIL.



HEROES OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" HONoured ABOARD THEIR SHIP: SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER (RIGHT) MAKING PRESENTATIONS TO CAPTAIN FRIED (LEFT), HIS OFFICERS AND MEN, BY COMMAND OF THE KING.



RECEIVING THE FOREIGN SERVICE GOLD MEDAL FOR SAVING LIFE AT SEA: CHIEF OFFICER ROBERT B. MILLER, OF THE "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT."



THE FORTY-EIGHTH MONARCH OF HIS UPROARIOUS LINE: KING CARNIVAL, WITH HIS FEROCIOUS DOGS, MAKING HIS ROYAL PROGRESS THROUGH THE STREETS OF NICE.

commander, Captain Fried, and his officers and men, who so gallantly rescued the crew of the "Antinoc." The presentations were made by Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, President of the Board of Trade. In one of our photographs he is seen handing to the captain posthumous medals awarded to the two men of the liner's crew who were drowned, to be given to their families.—An abortive revolt broke out in Portugal on February 2, when about 100 rebels with 7 guns fired 30 shells into Lisbon, from Almada, across the Tagus, after sending an ultimatum to the Government. They were captured next day, and the leaders were deported to the Azores. The rebels were regarded tolerantly, and a sergeant in charge of the prisoners said: "Hold up your heads, my lads, and step out. You have nothing to be ashamed of!"—Commandante Franco, leader of the Spanish Transatlantic seaplane flight, recently arrived at Rio de Janeiro, on his way to Buenos Aires.—The R.M.S.P. "Asturias," a new 32,000-ton motor-liner, leaves Southampton on February 26 for her maiden voyage to South America.



THE SPANISH TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT TO ARGENTINA: COMMANDANTE FRANCO'S SEAPLANE, THE "NE PLUS ULTRA" (SINCE AT RIO) ON THE WATER NEAR CAPE VERDE.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOTOR-LINER ABOUT TO START ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA: THE R.M.S.P. "ASTURIAS" AT SOUTHAMPTON.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES," TOPICAL, AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. THE "SHORTHAND" SUBJECT BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO. THE "VENUS" SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR.



"VICTORIAN" FASHIONS 3500 YEARS AGO: A UNIQUE MINOAN MARBLE STATUETTE (ABOUT 9. INCHES HIGH) OF THE MOTHER GODDESS, WITH LONG FLOUNCED SKIRT AND "WASP" WAIST, FOUND IN CRETE AND DATING FROM THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY B.C.—FOUR ASPECTS OF THE FIGURE, WHICH REPRESENTS THE GREAT MOTHER AS THE MAINTAINER OF LIFE, AND IS THE MOST PERFECT KNOWN EXAMPLE OF MINOAN ART AT THAT PERIOD.



RESTORATION WORK ON THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS: COLUMNS OF ONE OF THE ANCIENT GREEK TEMPLES UNDER MODERN SCAFFOLDING.

RECENTLY PLACED IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: "EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S CORONATION"—A PAINTING RECONSTRUCTED FROM DRAWINGS OF THE 13th-CENTURY ORIGINAL BURNT IN 1834.

The Table		Characteristic.	
Bone.	Crustian.	Corrupt.	Disge.
Book.	Church.	Cour.	Diligence.
Borrow.	Chuse.	Council.	Dissemble.
Both.	Cyll.	Count.	Difficile.
Bottom.	Cynde.	Crie.	Disse.
Break.	Circumstance.	Cuection.	Doc.
Break.	Cine.	Cuit.	Dout.
Break.	Cloth.	Cumpasse.	Draw.
Break.	Cnowe.	Cut.	Dream.
Break.	Coyne.		Drie.
Break.	Colour.	D	Drinke.
Break.	Commend.	Day.	Drue.
Break.	Comfort.	Danger.	Drop.
Break.	Common.	Deceit.	Due.
Break.	Compare.	Declare.	Duble.
Break.	Companie.	Dedicate.	
Break.	Compell.	Deere.	E
	Continue.	Defend.	Earth.
	Conceit.	Delight.	Edge.
	Condition.	Deprive.	Ecco.
	Content.	Deputie.	Element.
	Confider.	Descend.	Eloquence.
	Confuse.	Desire.	Enough.
	Continue.	Despise.	Enter.
	Content.	Definite.	Enterprife.
	Conspire.	Destroy.	Ereft.
		Diet.	Ere.
		Dull.	Escape.



FROM THE EARLIEST "SHORTHAND" BOOK, LATELY FOUND: PART OF THE TABLE OF SIGNS IN BRIGHT'S "CHARACTERIE," PUBLISHED IN 1583. FOUND IN RHODES: A MARBLE STATUETTE SHOWING THE GODDESS EMERGING FROM THE BATH AND WIPING HER HAIR: THE VENUS STATUETTE

The statuette shown in the four top photographs has recently been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. It was discovered near Candia, in Crete, and has been described as "the earliest piece of true sculpture found on Greek soil."—The above picture of the Coronation of Edward the Confessor is one of several reconstructed paintings recently placed in the Houses of Parliament. The original work, which dated from the middle of the thirteenth century, was on the wall of the Painted Chamber, destroyed in the fire of 1834. The reconstruction was painted from drawings made in 1800.—Among the further instal-

ment from the famous Britwell Library to be sold at Sotheby's on March 15-18 is the first book of modern shorthand writing, called "Characterie. An Arte of Shorte, Swifte, and Secrete Writing by Character. Invented by Timothe Bright, Doctor of Phisike," printed in London in 1583. It was recently discovered in a storeroom. The only other copy is in the Bodleian.—"The most charming of the sculptures lately found at Rhodes," writes Professor Federico Halbherr, "is a marble statuette, about 2 ft. high, of Venus emerging from the bath and wiping her hair. It is a Rhodian reproduction of Roman times."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

LAST week ushered in the pre-Easter London season, and that quite brilliantly. People have not yet ceased to speak of how splendid the Queen looked as, holding the King's hand, she passed slowly through the Royal Gallery, the central pair of the wonderful procession symbolising the State and dignity of our Empire. Black suits the Queen, although black played only a small part in her dress on this State occasion, for the long ruby velvet train with its gold and ermine embroidery, and the deep miniver cape, almost obscured the beautiful and graceful dress wholly of very finely cut jet beadwork. The ribbon of the Garter, which her Majesty is now the one lady entitled to wear, and the superb diamonds made a picture of which the sombre hue was only a small part. The Queen's fair and beautiful skin seems to stand out more clearly for the black, and never has her Majesty looked more splendid or more handsome.



A HOSTESS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.
Photograph by Vandyck.

The Marchioness of Londonderry was the chief social figure of last week, opening the Parliamentary Session with a great social assemblage in her fine town mansion, one of the last of the great family town houses left. As a hostess Lady Londonderry is wonderful. Everyone was received with a welcoming smile and usually a pleasant word, and passed on to the Prime Minister, whose hand-clasp is an expression of his honest goodwill and friendliness. Lord Londonderry, a distinguished figure in his uniform, and wearing the ribbon and star of the Garter and other decorations, then accorded his welcome. He was being much congratulated on his speeches about the coal crisis and their conciliatory nature. Lady Londonderry wore her badge as Dame Commander of the British Empire, but did not wear the ribbon. In black and silver, and wearing a number of the justly celebrated Londonderry diamonds, she was a handsome and distinguished figure. She very thoroughly carried out the traditions of her predecessors not only from the social-lead point of view, but from being a first-rate sportswoman.



ONE OF THE HOSTESSES OF THE LIBERAL PARTY: THE COUNTESS BEAUCHAMP.
Photograph by Lafayette.

During the war, as administrator of the Women's Legion, she did splendid service. She started and supported well the War Legion of Sailor and Soldier Broderers, and at Mount Stewart and Wynyard she fulfils most capably the responsibilities of her great position, and adds to that many personal kindnesses and help and encouragement to many good works.

Countess Beauchamp was hostess for the Liberal

party at her charming house, 13, Belgrave Square. She is one of those fortunate people whom everybody likes, and who is all but worshipped by her family. Tall and fair, with blue eyes, she seems to see all the good in this varied old world and none of the evil. Her mother, Countess Grosvenor, who is seldom in

town now, but lives at Saighton Grange, is very much of the same delightful disposition. She was married in 1902, soon after the return of Lord Beauchamp from being Governor of New South Wales. They were a very handsome couple, as they are now, both fair-haired, blue-eyed, and tall. Lady Beauchamp prefers the country to town, but is frequently in London, and will probably present her second girl, Lady Sibell Lygon, this year. Lady Lettice, her eldest girl, is one of the tallest girls in society, and is also very good to look at. There are two younger daughters, Lady Mary and Lady Dorothy, respectively sixteen and fourteen. Lady Beauchamp is a Lady of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and is always ready to do kindnesses and help good causes. The Duke of Westminster is her only brother, and the Countess of Shaftesbury her only sister.

Mrs. Baldwin began her pre-Easter Thursday afternoon "at-homes" last week at 10, Downing Street. The wife of our Prime Minister takes her duty as hostess very simply if seriously. Not content with just welcoming her guests, she sees that they meet someone likely to interest them. If she is prevented by a too-constant stream of visitors, one of her daughters takes on this duty. Also Mrs. Baldwin's teas are famous, because they are prepared by her cook, and tea, coffee, sandwiches, and cakes are equally good and pleasant to the palate. These are, perhaps, not accounted very prominent talents in a Prime Minister's wife, but they count for much of the extensive popularity which Mrs. Baldwin has achieved. The possessor of real talent, she seldom speaks of politics, but can be, and often is, very eloquent in good causes. A special charm of hers is the absence



ONCE MORE AT HOME ON THURSDAY AFTERNOONS: MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN.
Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

of any consciousness of her great position. Smiling a kind smile, with her pretty face and sincere eyes, she looks what she is—a British lady, quiet and good, anxious for the friendliness of all to each other. Lady Sybil Grant, the Earl of Rosebery's elder daughter, has, as is well known, inherited much of her distinguished father's literary talent, and has written poems and prose, which have made great successes. Lady Sybil was appointed Official Photographer to the R.N.A.S. (Admiralty) in March 1915, and was the first Airship correspondent, and has become an authority on Air Service questions and correspondent on the subject to many papers. She was married at the Epsom church in 1903; the wedding guests walked along to The Durdans after the wedding, which was a very pretty one. Lady Sybil's younger sister had married about two years previously the Earl of Crewe (now Marquess), in Westminster Abbey. Colonel Charles J. C. Grant, her husband, has the D.S.O., and much distinguished military service. He is a handsome man, and has won many decorations. Their one child, who is in the Navy, and whose marriage recently astonished his parents, is also clever and good-looking.

Lady (Austen) Chamberlain will probably restart her Tuesday afternoon "at-homes" at her flat in Morpeth Mansions ere long. She is a tall and fair and handsome hostess, always in the picture with her surroundings, which are invariably just right. Lady Chamberlain believes in colour, and her flat, which is a spacious one, is

always a bright spot in however dull weather. When last I saw it, it was a lovely shade of green like chrysoprase, the floor of this colour highly enamelled and spread with beautiful rugs. In flowers and their graceful, pretty arrangement she is an adept. The daughter of the late Colonel Henry Lawrence Dundas,

she was married in 1906. Like her distinguished husband, she is averse to any ostentation or advertisement—a fact which was recognised when the blue ribbon of Knighthood was bestowed on him, as it is well known that titles had no attraction for him or for his father. That of "Sir" when connected with the Garter could not be refused. Lady Chamberlain has one



WIFE OF THE FOREIGN SECRETARY: LADY CHAMBERLAIN.
Photograph by Bassano.

daughter, now about sixteen, who is a very capable and handsome girl. There are also two sons.

Mrs. Amery, wife of our Secretary of State for the Dominions, has recommenced her Wednesday afternoon "at-homes," of which the second was this week. Save for Parliamentary recesses, she continues them through the season. Visitors from overseas appreciate enormously this real hospitality and the opportunity it affords them of meeting the distinguished people they have so often read and heard of. Mrs. Amery, slight and graceful, with beautiful large, soft dark eyes, is a charming hostess, and a very great favourite with all who know her. Her house, 112, Eaton Square, has in the dining-room and up the stairway and in the hall a series of Persian portraits, commencing with one in the seventh century. There is no conventional drawing-room; the reception is in a big, delightful first-floor room partly a lounge and partly a library, each perfect for its purpose. Tea is served downstairs, where in the spacious dining-room gorgeously attired, impassive Persians look down from their frames so closely together as to form the mural decoration. Mrs. Amery is absolutely natural and unconventional. A great joy to her is a sea-fishing and bathing holiday with her two boys, the elder of whom passed into Harrow at an early age. Sir Hamar Greenwood is Mrs. Amery's brother—very unlike her in size, for he is tall and big and fair, while she is of medium height, slight and graceful. He was created a Baronet in 1915. In 1911 he married Margery, daughter of the late Walter Spencer, of Fownhope Court, Herefordshire.



THE WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE DOMINIONS: MRS. AMERY.
Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY'S ELDER DAUGHTER: THE LADY SYBIL GRANT.
Photograph by Bertram Park.

Fashions &

Fancies

Rumour has it that we are to return, to the modes of our Grandmothers, to the Victorian Crinoline and the

Evening Frocks which Show New Fashions.

Now that the curtain is lifted on the spring and summer fashions, to the casual observer the changes may seem disappointingly few.

But, though the differences are not drastic, there is a multitude of novel finishing touches which are full of interest, and these, after all, determine a new mode. In evening frocks, for instance, reappears after a long rest in oblivion the square-necked corsage. Cut quite low in front and outlined with embroidery, it merges into a V-décolletage or a round neck at the back, with the embroidery ending in a long tassel of brilliants. The back of the frock is becoming more important. Sometimes it is decorated with rich embroideries springing from the shoulders while the front is quite plain, or a tiny cape of chiffon or net sewn with pearls and coloured gems is another favourite way of attaining the decorative effect.

The Three Silhouettes.

There are three quite definite silhouettes to be found amongst the latest evening frocks. Perhaps

the one which will be the most accepted is the straight frock of chiffon with loose panels and draperies falling from the hips, leaving the front and back quite straight. In afternoon and in coat frocks you may see the same conceit, though the panels here are pleated and frequently decorated with embroidery. The second silhouette, which will appeal to the

The magic secrets of beauty and eternal youth are learned by every student at the Phyllis Earle Institute of Beauty Culture (15, North Audley Street, W.), where she may quickly become qualified to carry on the good work of giving ever-increasing beauty to others.



Hats for the Riviera.

In hats the new fashions are quite decided. It is the tall crown which wins the day, and the brim, if there be one, is turned down in front and sharply up at the back, following the line of the shingled head. The attractive trio of spring models pictured in the centre was sketched at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. The one on the left introduces the new beret crown of moiré ribbon and a brim of pedal straw trimmed with a flat plaque of flowers in lovely colourings. The price is 65s. 9d., and 52s. 9d. is the cost of the centre hat in brown satin trimmed with petersham ribbon. On the right is a Russian shaped toque in black satin bound with pedal straw and decorated with embroidered motifs. It will change ownership for 69s. 9d. Then there are felts with the high indented crown and turned-down brim available for 47s. 9d., and hats with scarves to match can be obtained from 69s. 9d. It must be mentioned that this firm specialise in making hats to any measurement. Pretty models of straw for the early spring in imitation bangkok of every colour of the rainbow can be secured from 15s. 11d., and children's rolled felts are from 16s. 9d. upwards in lovely pastel shades.

Beauty Culture as a Profession.

Every woman in these days seeks work that is congenial, and holds out promises of a successful career. To find it is by no means a simple matter, but there is room for women of all ages in the profession of beauty culture, where the possibilities are endless. The Phyllis Earle Beauty Institute, 15, North Audley Street, W., conducted by women for women, teaches efficiency in every branch of this fascinating subject, including anatomy and physiology of the skin, hairdressing, chiropody, etc. Attached to the school are the Phyllis Earle beauty salons, in which the student works on living models throughout the course. With this real experience, she is ready to take up work immediately the diploma is gained. Particulars of the full course, which is completed in six months, will gladly be given on request by letter or by a personal visit to these salons.

Layettes and Nursery Outfits.

Never have babies' outfits been so attractive as they are to-day, and at Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., 175, Sloane Street, S.W., and 108, Kensington High Street, W., is to be found everything that is pretty and practical. The cot pictured on this page, trimmed with frilled organdie muslin, can be obtained for £5 5s. The little group of accessories includes a day-gown of tarantulle trimmed with Valenciennes lace (price 29s. 9d.), a white wool matinée jacket trimmed with ribbons (10s. 11d.); little woollen booties costing 3s. 11d., and hand-embroidered bibs from 2s. 11d. upwards. There are also muslin frocks, hand-embroidered and trimmed with Irish lace, available for 12s. 11d., sizes 16 in. and 18 in.; and others of spotted muslin are 29s. 9d. "Pram sets" of brushed wool comprising pantalettes, coat, and cap, can be secured for 29s. 11d. the set—ideal outfits for warm spring days.

A trio of charming spring hats from Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. On the left is one of moiré ribbon and straw trimmed with flowers; on the right a Russian toque of black satin and pedal straw, gaily embroidered; and in the centre a brown satin hat with the new indented crown, and brim turned up at the back.

From Walpole Brothers, 89, New Bond Street, W., come these fascinating accessories for his Majesty the Baby. The cot is trimmed with frilled organdie, and the bibs and day-frock are beautifully embroidered. The matinée jacket is of soft wool.



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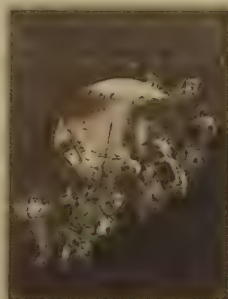
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THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF ASSAM.

(Continued from Page 262.)

cloth so thickly covered with rows of cowrie shells that the cloth is invisible. On his wrists are cowrie gauntlets adorned with a fringe of scarlet hair, and above his elbows, if he can afford them, are massive armlets sawn from an elephant's tusk.

His weapons consist of a "dao," a stout bamboo or hide shield, and a spear, usually about eight feet in length, the shaft of which is covered with a stiff, bristly velvet of goat's hair dyed scarlet. The dao is a chopper-shaped weapon, and is used for a variety of purposes. With it he can slay an enemy or cut up a chicken, fell a forest tree or pare down the finest strip of cane, dig a hole for a post or cut a thorn out of his foot. The horn-bill feathers and scarlet hair which figure so largely in this costume remind one irresistibly of some of the tribes of Borneo, with which the Nagas are undoubtedly connected. When raiding, the Sema discards the picturesque glory of

full dress and changes his red spear for one more business-like and plainer. The sight of a band of Semas coming home from a successful raid is one which, once seen, can never be forgotten. As soon

as the solemn chant which is only sung on such occasions is heard, miles away across the valley, the whole village seethes with excitement, and all prepare to welcome the returning heroes.

While the Angamis are democratic and every man does what seems right in his own eyes, the Semas are

ruled by very autocratic chiefs. Chiefs in British territory often bemoan the fact that they can no longer take heads, and sometimes speak with disgust of "dying like cows" in their own beds. Like all Nagas, Semas live by the cultivation of rice, millet, and

(Continued below.)

relish, chilies are added, as well as salt and various kinds of jungle leaves. They are great meat-eaters, both of domesticated and most wild animals. Although among all tribes various articles are forbidden, Nagas at a pinch will eat most things—grubs, spiders, beetles, and innumerable jungle leaves and berries.

To the east of the Semas, in at present unadministered territory, is the Southern Sangtam country. These people are less picturesque and less warlike than the Semas, who have enlarged their boundary at their expense. All Nagas are by nature head-hunters, and there is still a certain amount of head-hunting across the frontier. The heads taken by Southern Sangtams are exposed on the top of poles. A man takes heads for two main reasons. He wishes both to bring home tangible proof that he has killed his foe, and also to obtain the soul of his enemy, so that the soul-force of his village may be reinforced thereby and its prosperity and fertility increased. The Aos, who used to hang the heads of their enemies on the outer front walls of their houses, had the curious custom of hanging a dog's skull above the human head. Then, when the dead man's relations asked

him in dreams who had killed him, the dog barked and they could not hear his reply.

The policy of the Government is not to take over the whole hills at once, but to use its influence gradually to persuade the people to give up head-hunting in independent territory, and to submit disputes to arbitration by British officials, instead of fighting on the least provocation. It has been very successful, and in large areas of unadministered territory there has been peace for many years.

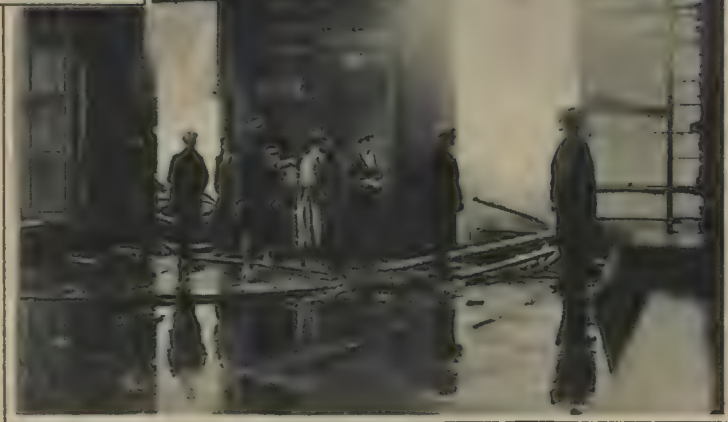
(Continued overleaf.)



AFTER THE FIRE AT HOWICK HOUSE, THE HISTORIC NORTHUMBRIAN HOME OF EARL GREY: THE ENTRANCE HALL, WITH A DAMAGED STATUE.

Earl Grey's Northumberland seat, Howick House, built in 1782 and the home of many famous statesmen, was partly destroyed by fire early on February 2. The central block, containing the library, drawing- and dining-rooms, and bed-rooms, was burnt, but the books, furniture, and art treasures, including many valuable pictures, were saved by the house staff, estate hands, villagers, and quarrymen. The Ashington Colliery Fire Brigade, who had to travel twenty miles, were delayed by fog, but arrived in time to save the two wings, in one of which is the ball-room. Lord Grey himself discovered the outbreak and took an active part in the salvage work. Lady Grey, who was ill, was safely removed, and no one was hurt.

Photographs by G.P.U.



DURING THE FIRE THAT DESTROYED THE MAIN BLOCK OF HOWICK HOUSE: ESTATE WORKERS PLAYING ON THE FLAMES FROM THE BALL-ROOM, WHICH WAS SAVED, AS WELL AS THE ART TREASURES.

Job's tears. Rice is the staple food, to which, as a



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Continued.]

Adjoining the territory of the Sangtams is the land of the Naked Rengmas, so called from the lack of costume of the men. Other Rengmas live on the edge of the Lhota country. North of the Lhotas dwell the Aos, who live in huge villages built on the top of the ranges. These villages are often divided into two by a fire line, a little strip of open ground. Fire is an ever-present danger, and an outbreak soon sweeps through the closely packed bamboo houses. To safeguard the food supply, the rice granaries are always built outside the village. All the houses are built on piles and face towards the narrow centre street of the village, which is almost invariably the highest point. As the ground falls sharply away from this line, it means that the back platforms of the dwelling are often high in the air, and passing beneath them is like going through a forest of bamboo poles.

In most tribes every village contains its "morung," or bachelors' house, in which the boys and unmarried men sleep and which the men use as their club-house. A boy for the first three years of his time in the "morung" acts as a "fag" for the older boys, himself becoming a "blood" when at the end of three years a new age-group of boys enters the "morung." On no account are women admitted into these houses, and no woman would think of so much as crossing their threshold. Beside the "morungs" in Ao villages are the big drums, or xylophones, as they are more accurately called. They are huge logs running up to forty feet in length, hollowed out along one side and with the end carved to represent a huge buffalo head. When a drum is struck by the beaters, who stand in a row on either side and pound in time upon the log with their dumb-bell-shaped strikers, the sound can be heard for miles. They were beaten in the old days to celebrate the taking of a head, and on them the head was first placed. The dancing of the trophy on the vibrating log was considered to be a particularly pleasing sight by the women, who watched the performance from afar. These drums are still beaten at times of festival and as an alarm in case of fire.

Their shape suggests that they were originally canoes, and it is not the only piece of evidence which seems to point to a connection between the Nagas and the Pacific Islanders.

East of the Aos are the Changs, a great tribe of which all but one village is in unadministered territory. Their long "daos" have made them almost invincible in war. These weapons are superbly made by smiths who only have stone hammers and

but their artistic sense is high, their carvings being unrivalled in the hills. The men wear belts of cane and are remarkable for their small waists.

The ordinary Konyak has one wife, or, if he is well off, perhaps two; but the chiefs in some villages keep large numbers, of which the principal one must be a woman of their own clan, a custom directly opposed to that of every other Naga clan. For Nagas, as a rule, far from marrying a woman of their own clan, must not even joke with one.

Dr. Hutton and I, in 1923, visited several villages in the eastern Konyak district to which no white man had ever been before. Others had been visited by Colonel Woodthorpe, about 1875. His visits were vividly remembered. Nowhere were we opposed, but in several places we received the reverse of a hearty welcome. Unfortunately, our orders did not permit us to push on to the top of the main Patkoi range, over which, on this area, no white man has ever looked. So we had to leave unanswered the challenges we received to try the "short knives" (i.e., kukries and bayonets) of our escort against the long, heavy "daos" of warriors who have never yet met their masters.

As already stated, we were the first white men some of these people had ever seen, and they regarded our colour as most unpleasant in shade; we appeared so pale that doubts were expressed as to whether we should bleed if cut; there was some feeling that the experiment might be made. In many of the villages were great collections of heads, the accumulation of years. A head when taken is usually first placed at the foot of a sacred stone in front of the chief's house, and is then exposed for some days on a pole which is tied against the stone. Later it is taken down and placed in the chief's house. On the death of a chief all the heads collected throughout his reign are taken from his house and placed for final keeping in the "morung." In some villages the skulls of slain enemies are ornamented with horns and grass tassels. We had an intensely interesting, but highly strenuous time. We did not, however, add our heads to any collection, but reached British territory again without serious trouble.



LEAVING AGAIN FOR BRITISH HONDURAS TO MAKE FURTHER EXPLORATIONS AMONG ANCIENT MAYA RUINS: MR. MITCHELL HEDGES RECEIVES A HEARTY SEND-OFF AT PADDINGTON.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

the simplest tools. With them they can cut off a bull's head with one blow, and one friend of mine assured me that he has taken off an enemy's head so cleanly that the man, who was running, carried on several strides before he fell. The Changs still long for Ao heads and Ao land, and one of them told me that, if we ever abandoned the country, they would be raiding again in a fortnight.

To the north and east of the Aos are the Konyaks, a wide term, as it embraces people of varying customs and beliefs. Their dress is scanty in the extreme,



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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

COMES THE BLIND FURY. By RAYMOND ESCHOLIER. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

Our reading public owes a debt of gratitude to The Bodley Head for bringing modern French literature within its reach in excellent translations. There was "Ariel," which lost wonderfully little in passing from French into English. There is the popular edition of the works of Anatole France. Now we have "Comes the Blind Fury," introducing Raymond Escholier, we think for the first time. The translation is not quite as supple as Ella D'Arcy's—rendering French slang into English slang has its awkwardnesses—but still, Mr. Lewis May has done his work conscientiously. The book is a demonstration in the art of creating atmosphere, and of producing an effective psychological study without stressing the morbid side. M. Escholier is strong where so many of our young novelists are weakest—in restraint. You know that the blind fury with the abhorred shears will destroy the Langlade household when little Henriette enters it; but that does not detract from the interest of watching her develop her fatal inheritance from a Parisian light-o'-love. The Langlades stand for the rigid type of French provincials. Foreigners who stroll past the shuttered houses of a French country town are apt to speculate curiously on the secluded life behind them. They can find it laid bare to them here.

16 TO 21. By ROBIN DOUGLAS. (Philpot; 7s. 6d.)

If the next five years of Robin Douglas's life are as eventful as the last, he will have plenty to write about. He gives one to understand that he has made a happy landfall after stormy seas; it will be interesting to see if good fortune yields him as much dramatic copy as the bad years have done. He has looked back into his short life from his present anchorage and perceived that it could be made into telling stuff, graphic stuff. It is an open question whether an artist's misfortunes are heightened or abated by his faculty for being at once actor and audience. This young man, drinking coffee at a midnight stall, is acutely aware of the menace and mystery of submerged London. It comes as easily to him to knock up against one of "the Sabini band" blackmailing the stall-keeper for cigarettes, as it would be for you or me to drink our coffee and get never a glint of anything out of the ordinary. Youthful provincials, greatly daring, have gone to Lime-

house with their coat-collars turned up and a dent in their bowlers, and found it bleakly commonplace. Robin Douglas secured an introduction to the deepest, darkest Chinese den, with white slaves and cut-throats complete. It all makes a lively book.

A FLOWER IN RAIN. By L. G. SHORT. (Faber and Gwyer; 7s. 6d.)

It is artlessly told, this London story. We are conducted up Church Street, Kensington, and into the Gardens by way of Holland Street. When the young people go to the Boys' Club in Southwark, their route is carefully set down, from the platform of the Temple Station down the Embankment to Waterloo Bridge, and by bus to St. George's Road. When they are to meet at Piccadilly on the Underground Railway, John does not omit to say, "I'll come from Russell Square and you come from Earl's Court or Knightsbridge," and his programme is given—"First down the Strand to see what the hawkers have, then into one of the big places in Holborn. From there we will make our way into Regent Street," and so on. One receives the impression that L. G. Short is as much thrilled with knowing the way about London as her gentle Mary is, and that we are expected to thrill in sympathy. It is not quite possible to do that; but we can recognise that "A Flower in Rain" has a certain charm, and that its lucid phrasing almost achieves distinction.

GOOD REFERENCES. By E. J. RATH. (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.)

The opening of "Good References" is a neat little scene, necessary for the exchange of Mary Wayne for Nell Norcross, and for her projection into the office of secretary to a young man who would rather do without her. These arrangements are carried through after the manner of conjuring tricks, where the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Once they are completed, the entanglement begins. They are wildly complicated, and they are exceedingly funny. It was Bill Marshall's rich aunt who had thought of establishing him with a social secretary; and the dear old thing did not suspect she was asking for trouble. Miss Marshall gave a dance by way of the first attack upon New York society, and Bill made a helter-skelter dash for freedom in a steam yacht. The secretary pursued, and the funniest part of the book is when Mary and Bill's college chum were marooned on one of the summer beaches. E. J. Rath came into his own with "The Nervous Wreck"; but we think "Good References" is even more amusing.

LIPSTICK. By LADY KITTY VINCENT. (Bodley Head; 6s.)

"Lipstick" illustrated by Fish is the perfect example of harmony between artist and author. Lady Kitty Vincent's portrait of Lady Carstairs is a triumph that Fish has consummated. Lady Carstairs, although she is a modern, shows her direct descent from the eighteenth century harridans who are preserved immortally, flies in amber, by Hogarth and Horace Walpole. There they are fixed in powder and patches, raddled—as they used to put it—mistresses of the poisoned art of innuendo. Their descendant has grown stout, and is too careful of herself to keep dissipated hours; but she rivals them in backbiting fluency, always in the very best circles. "Carstairs and I were staying with the Whiskies of Castle Whiskie, by Whiskie, near Whiskie. You know, really, those Scotch addresses are absurd." . . . Post-war depression reduced her to renting a flat in the Brompton Road instead of a house in Mayfair for the season. But the flat had a past, and made up for its locality by providing a feast of scandal. "Lipstick" is vastly entertaining. There are some books you must not read in railway carriages unless you are prepared to be taken for a cheerful lunatic. It is one of them.

BANZAI! By JOHN PARIS. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

The lucidity of John Paris's work produces a first impression that he has chosen an easy method and an easy subject. The truth is the exact reverse. He lets his little Japanese rascal reveal his own soul—a different matter from the sentimental interpretations which are so often thrust upon us—and he throws his life into relief against an alternating background of East and West, a very clever bit of scene-shifting. We do not profess to know the Oriental mind, but we believe that John Paris does, so far as any European may. Take the passage on "Bushido." "Chivalry," wrote Dr. Nitobé in introducing Japanese ideals, "is a flower no less indigenous to the soil of Japan than its emblem, the cherry-blossom." Paris comments—"Since 1914 we have learned that 'Bushido' is the common heritage of all proud-spirited nations, the tragic offspring of necessity and national peril." That is on the first page; but "Banzai!" is much more than an enlargement of this far-reaching subject. It is a work of singularly broad and perceptive realism; naked, but cleanly shaped and truly proportioned, and therefore justifiably unashamed. It is the intimate history of a Japanese rolling stone, and it is a superbly vivid human document.



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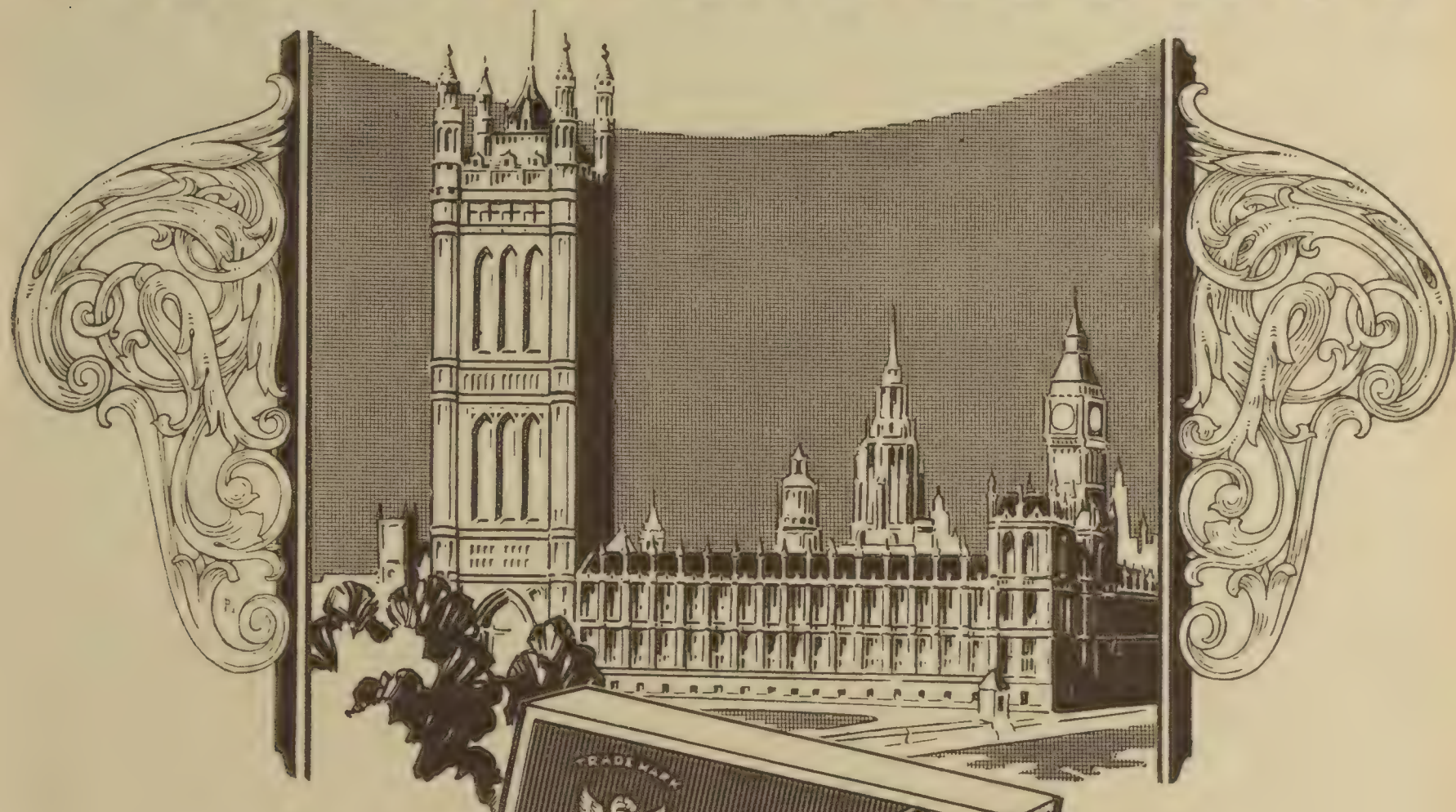
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Motor Scouts
as Police.

One of the London dailies recently put forward a suggestion that the road patrols of the R.A.C. and the A.A. should be enrolled as policemen (it was not put quite that way, but the idea amounted to this) and employed as traffic police, leaving the regular force free to carry out their ordinary duties. The suggestion was quite seriously made, but I do not think there is the least hope of its being carried into effect, at any rate for some years to come. There are certain difficulties in the way, not the least of which is that these patrols are employed by the motorist members of the bodies which control them, and it seems to be asking a lot that these men, who have been trained and organised for special duties by the aid of our money, should be taken over by the Home Office and turned into police to work, to some extent, against us.

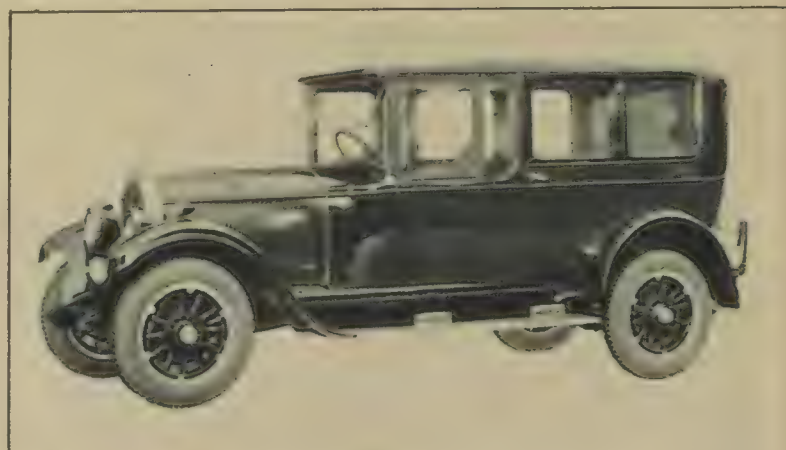
I think that a certain measure of co-operation, closer than at present, between the police authorities and the patrols would be an excellent thing. The patrols have forgotten more about traffic and traffic control than most of the police will ever know, and are thus better fitted for the job than are the police them-

selves in many cases. There is the difficulty, however, that whereas the police have every authority to control traffic, and can deal with offenders who disregard that authority, the patrols have none, and can only control with the assistance of that goodwill which is manifested by all but a very small minority of road-users. I do think, however, that if the two bodies concerned could enter into a working arrangement with the authorities, and would give it out to their members and road-users generally that they really would assist in the prosecution of offenders—and carry out that intention—we should soon find that the delegated authority of the patrols would be quite effective, except in a few cases which could be dealt with by the police themselves. I can see possibilities in such a scheme, but none in the idea of taking over the patrols and making them into policemen.

Adapting Cars
to Four-Wheel
Brakes.

I notice that several concerns are advertising that they are prepared to fit front-wheel brakes to cars which are normally braked on the rear wheels alone. In many cases this can be done with a fair measure of success; but those who are thinking of having such brakes fitted will, I think, do very well to be cautious. The obvious thing to be done first is to ask the makers of the car concerned whether or not, in their opinion, the design of the front axle and springs is sufficiently robust to withstand the extra stresses set up by the front-wheel brakes. If they advise that it is, then it is important to ascertain what proportion of the whole braking effect can be safely assigned to the

front wheels. This proportion varies, even where four-wheel braking is a part of the original design, from as little as 10 per cent. of the braking effort on the front wheels, to as much as 40 per cent., the



ON A WILLYS KNIGHT SLEEVE-VALVE "SIX" CHASSIS: A HANDSOME LANDAULETTE.

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latter being an outside figure. Unless the car manufacturer agrees that his design is adequate, I think it will be wiser to leave the matter where it is and to discard altogether the idea of four-wheel braking.

The Charge for
Petrol Tins.

I read in one of the motoring journals the other day a letter of complaint from one who inveighs against the "extortion" of the petrol companies, who insist upon a deposit of three shillings on petrol tins which cost 10d. to make. Really, I don't think there is any great ground for complaint nowadays. The companies don't want to use the tins, which, apart from first cost, have to be kept clean, repainted and repaired every time they come in, and which entail the maintenance of an expensive filling plant. It is obviously much easier for them to pump a couple of thousand gallons of petrol into a tank wagon and to distribute it in bulk to filling stations. They would be glad to see the messy old tin disappear.

[Continued overleaf.]



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Continued

altogether. I don't see what the motorist wants with it, either. Up-to-date filling stations exist everywhere in the country, while our cars are almost invariably fitted with a reserve tank, to guard against shortage of fuel on the road. Why, then, the tin at all?

Number Plates. The R.A.C. has been advised that the police are displaying a certain amount of activity in regard to the back number plates of cars. On a large number of models the petrol tank is carried at the back of the car, and is cylindrical in shape. It has been the custom of certain owners either to paint the back number on this tank or to bend the plate so as to conform to its shape. It is laid down in the Road Vehicles Regulations, 1924, "that the registration number assigned to a vehicle shall be exhibited on a flat rectangular plate or on a flat, unbroken rectangular surface forming part of the vehicle." It may therefore be argued that the practice of curving the number plate, or of painting the number on a rounded tank, is not in accordance with the regulations. The police are not, apparently, prosecuting at present, but are simply issuing warnings where a breach of this regulation is observed. It is probable, however, that action may be taken, and the R.A.C. warns owners whose back number plates are not of the required shape as to the desirability of avoiding legal proceedings being taken against them.

A Seventeen-Year-Old Car. Every motorist must be deeply interested in the actual running costs of his car, and I therefore make no apology for printing the experience of Colonel Ian Forbes, D.S.O., of Purton, Wiltshire, who has been the owner of a 14-20-h.p. Wolseley car since the year 1909. During the whole of that period, he has kept a careful record of the total cost of running, and every year has published the result for the benefit of his fellow motorists. His figures for last year are now to hand.

Running costs for the year 1925 (seventeenth year on the road), 14-20-h.p. Wolseley (R.A.C. 21), No. 6600, 1909 pattern. Weight unladen, 24 cwt.; miles run, 7323; petrol consumed, 333 gal. costing £29 5s. 7d. (22 m.p.g.); oil and grease, 19 gal., costing £5 7s. 1d. (385 m.p.g.); repairs, £6 15s. 3d.; tyres, £10 15s. 6d.; tools, spare parts and extras, £1 19s. 9d.; carriage-tax and licenses, £16; insurance, £9 7s. 8d. Total cost for 1925, £79 10s. 10d.; cost per mile, 2.6d.

These figures, whilst not quite comparable with those of a modern light car, are exceedingly interesting.

The fact that a car can be run well and economically for seventeen years is sufficiently notable in itself but the figures given above are a remarkable testimony to the soundness of its original construction.—W. W.



WHERE THE OLYMPIC WINTER GAMES OF 1928 WILL BE HELD: ENGELBERG—A DELIGHTFUL CENTRE FOR WINTER SPORT.

It was announced recently that the 1928 Olympic Winter Games will take place at Engelberg, the necessary contracts having been signed by the Commune and the Engelberg Development Company. Engelberg is one of the most delightful centres for winter sport in Switzerland.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." AT THE NEW.

BEATRICE and her Benedick we love, despite of and at the expense of their fellow-characters. More and more as the spirit of modernity advances on us does the story of wronged Hero and that idiot of a Claudio, who on the flimsiest of evidence can bring himself to shame his bride on her wedding day, seem repellent in its absurdity and brutality. Hero in her meekness might suit Victorian taste; Claudio with his rigid priggishness might be forgiven by the age which accepted a Tennysonian King Arthur as its ideal of manhood. To us of to-day, the whole plot in which they are involved smacks of artificiality; they and the villainous Prince who practises on them and his tools and informers we should endure with impatience, did not a Dogberry's unconscious humour occasionally lighten the darkness of melodrama in which they move and posture. But Beatrice and Benedick live for all time: put them in modern dress, rob them of their Italianate setting, and they would still charm us with their duels of wit and their sunny tempers—this pair that rail at love and mock each other, only to fall into the trap of love—its happy victims. Beatrice, with her challenging smiles, her fearless approach to men, her loyalty to her friend, her indignant sense of pity, can be recognised by any modern girl as her counterpart; Benedick has a heart as well as a tongue, and, even our up-to-date boys will admit, deserves his "Lady Disdain." So in a modern production of "Much Ado About Nothing" the essential thing is to find actor and actress with powers of comedy and command of diction that can do justice to this immortal couple, and at the New Theatre Mr. Henry Ainley has been lucky in this respect. He himself uses his rich voice, his grip of character, his appreciation of fun to the happiest effect, and there is not one of Benedick's better-known *mots* that misses its mark. The Beatrice of Miss Madge Titheradge, so hearty, so intelligent, so winsome, must have pleased a famous Beatrice, Ellen Terry, who sat watching her successor. For the rest, Mr. Ian Fleming, Miss Clare Harris, and Mr. Henry Grimwood do their best for Claudio, Hero, and Don Pedro; and Mr. Tom Reynolds follows tradition in his handling of Dogberry's comicalities. The stage pictures, arranged by Mr. Bridges Adams, please by their simplicity. [Continued overleaf.]



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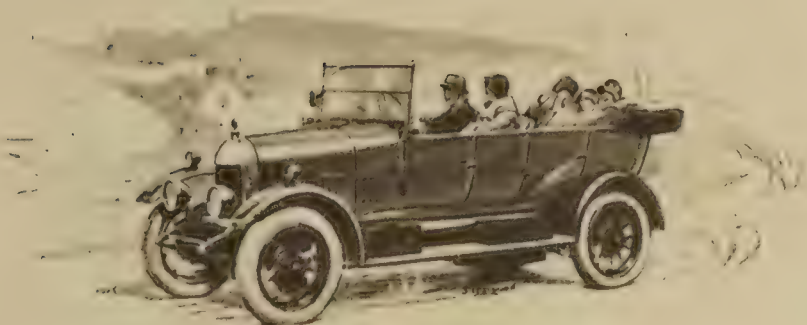
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(Continued.)

"KID BOOTS," AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

"Kid Boots" is another American importation, and why our English producers should go abroad for their musical comedies it is hard to see; still, this



IN "ALL THE KING'S HORSES," AND BY NO MEANS AN "OUTSIDER": MISS JANET ECCLES, NOW APPEARING AT THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Miss Janet Eccles is charming as Ruth Maunders in "All the King's Horses," at the Globe, the play in which Miss Irene Vanbrugh has made a welcome return to London after her long absence in the Antipodes. Miss Eccles was with her, as a member of Mr. Dion Boucicault's company, during the tour.

Photograph by Lenare.

particular example of Transatlantic humour may be held to justify its choice, because in an odd enough way it provides that popular comedian, Mr. Leslie Henson, with opportunities for being devastatingly amusing from its start to its finish. "Kid Boots" is a caddie master at an American golf club at which you will find the most extraordinary assemblage

you could well conceive. But, queer folk as are its members or visitors, the strangest character on the course is the caddie master himself, who, as played by Mr. Henson, plunges from one wild adventure into another and only seems to leave the stage to make a change of costume. Mr. Henson has never been funnier; but he does not do absolutely everything in this new Winter Garden entertainment. There is time for Mr. Claude Hulbert and Miss Edna Bellonini to dance delightfully; and for Mr. Arthur Margetson, Miss Vera Lennox, Mr. W. H. Rawlins, Miss Queenie Ashton, and others to leave pleasant impressions; and a word ought to be said for Mr. Harry Tierney's engaging score.

"THE HOTTENTOT," AT THE QUEEN'S.

Mr. Lynne Overman has a way with him that no sensible playgoer tries to resist. A look of surprise on his face sets his audience chuckling; a half-smile plunges them into laughter. He is a comedian whose humour is infectious. Yet he does not strain after effects; it is his hearers who make the effort and the noise while he quietly, appealingly, gives the cue. It is on his drollery mainly on which any success of Victor Mapes's play, "The Hottentot" must depend, for while the idea is amusing, the working out is thin. Imagine an American millionaire, fearful of horses, to be mistaken for a notable jockey, compelled to ride a terror of a horse and winning a race despite his fear, and you have the plot. There is nothing beyond that, but Mr. Overman does wonders with the material.

"THE STUDENT PRINCE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

There is a hard, strident efficiency about the new American operetta, "The Student Prince," presented by Messrs. Shubert at His Majesty's. This is a musical version of "Old Heidelberg," and the American accent and German sentimentalities make rather an odd mixture. But the men of the chorus have been drilled to perfection and know how to sing in unison, the voices of the principals are powerful—Mr. Allan Prior is the tenor Prince and Miss Ilse Marvenga is the Kathie—the scenery and costumes are surprisingly impressive, the music of Mr. Sigmund Rombourg has tunefulness, and good work, vocal and histrionic, is done by Mr. Herbert Waterous. The defect of the show is the lack of genuine humour.

Our readers may recall that a photograph was published in our issue of Dec. 26 last, showing a huge

piece of tapestry, bearing a portrait of Buddha, which had been brought from a Tibetan monastery and spread out on a hill-side. The illustration was entitled, "Ground-signalling to Buddha in Heaven." We have just been informed that the photograph in question, which had been supplied to us through an agency, was one that had been taken by the Trans-Asia Photo-Scientific Expedition, registered in Shanghai, for the purpose of their very interesting film called "The Roof of the World."



IN "THE GHOST TRAIN," BUT BY NO MEANS A "PASSENGER": MISS EDITH SAVILE, NOW APPEARING AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

Miss Edith Savile is excellent as Mrs. Winthrop in that popular "thrill" play, "The Ghost Train," which recently entered on a fresh lease of life when it was transferred to the Garrick Theatre.

Photograph by Sacha.



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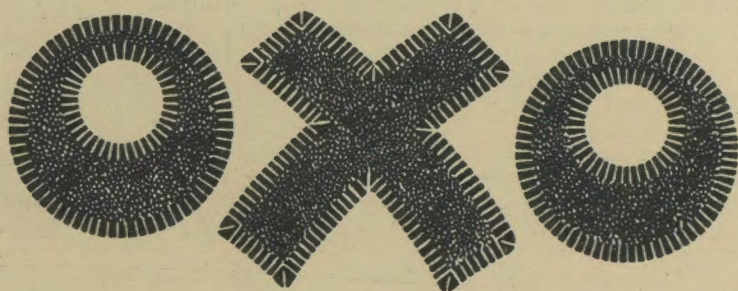
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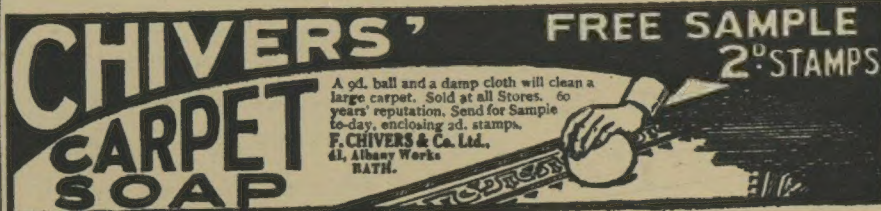
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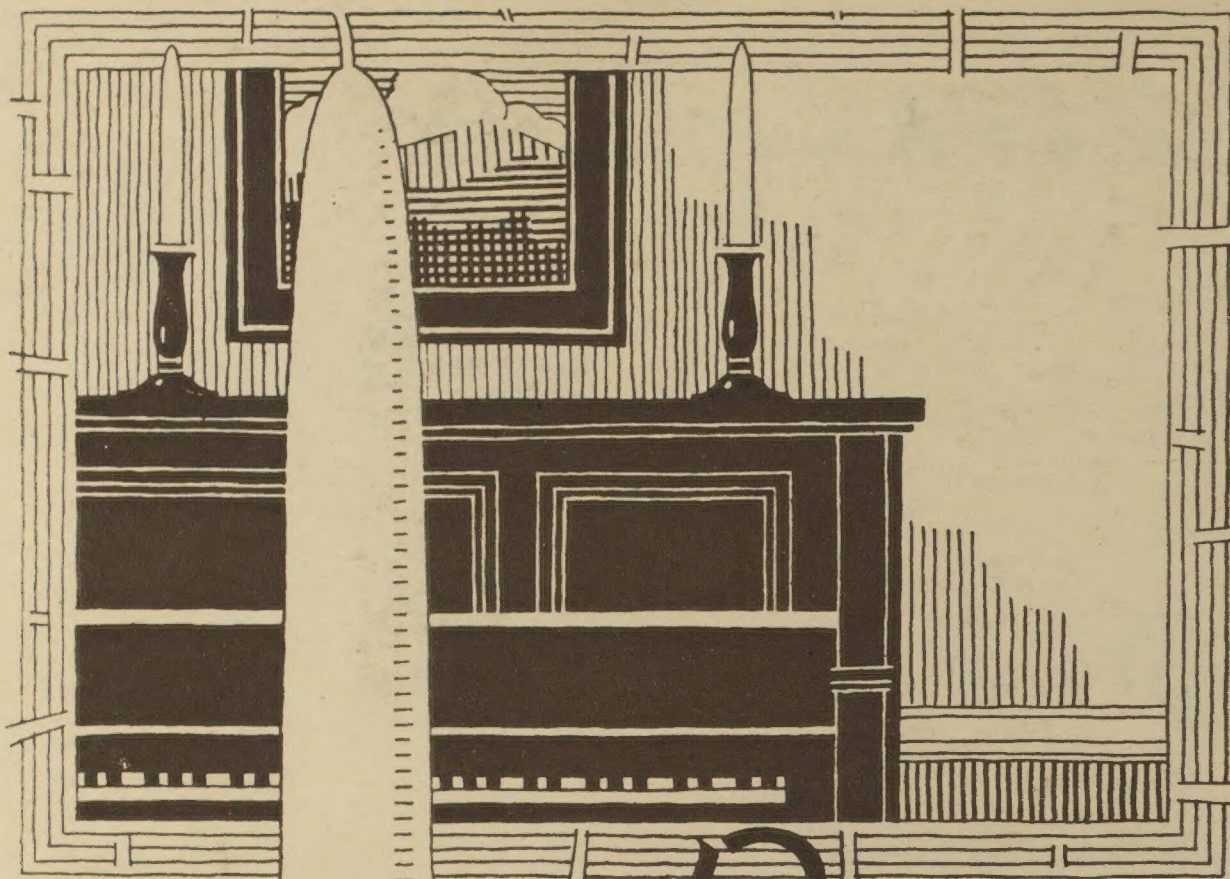


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